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The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Special
Supplement
**3-DAY
BEAUTY PLAN**

See page 27





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The Seamaster, the new Omega waterproof, self-winding watch is here—evolved from the magnificent and exacting experiences of the wartime pilots of the Royal Air Force. Tens of thousands of waterproof Omega Watches travelled millions of miles at all altitudes, subjected to the rigors of the intensely damp climate of the tropics and dust-laden desert storms. So perfect were these watches that only six of the 26,000 used by the R.A.F. failed.

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Every woman dreams of a happy world of peace and prosperity unhaunted by the spectre of war. But every practical woman knows that the only way to stop a threatened war from becoming a reality is through complete defence preparedness on the part of all peace-loving nations. If, in spite of all our efforts, war should come, our country must be ready for the emergency.

That is why Australia invites every woman who wants peace and security, actively to encourage a man of military age, her son or husband, her fiance or boy-friend, to train now in

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Many thousands of part-time trainees are needed to bring all units to effective strength. So encourage your man to start training now.



Miss Rae Robinson,
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"John would enlist if a war comes; that is why he's training now,"
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You can be proud of the man who is willing to defend you

Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting

Wom 37,126,91

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

15 OCT 1951
BY
MARY JAMES

Seventeen



Linda relaxed on the lawn
and stared dreamily up at
Mr. Maxwell.

THE Maxwells had come for the weekend, and that Saturday afternoon Linda was going for a walk with Mr. Maxwell. She would take him up Goose Hill and down the lane by the windmill, and, when they got to the little bit of wild common, he might suggest resting a while.

Then she would tell him that she had decided to write a book.

In the morning she had to go down to the village stores for her mother. Charlie Martin was in there buying a tin of pink salmon. He grinned.

"We're having salmon pie," he said with enthusiasm.

Linda did not tell him that in honor of the Maxwells they were having a real slap-up Sunday dinner affair, eating the joint today and chicken to-morrow.

She had known Charlie for about a month, and had been out with him half a dozen times. He was nice and, in a gangling, tousled manner, quite good-looking. Already she knew that he had her labelled in his thoughts as "his girl," although he hadn't said so and had only kissed her once.

Now he was asking her, trying to sound casual, "Care to come to the pictures this afternoon and have tea afterwards at the Tatler?"

Linda busily stuffed odds and ends into her basket, and, trying to sound just as casual, replied, "I'm sorry, I can't. I'm going for a

walk with Mr. Maxwell." But she could not help the flush in her cheeks caused by the fluttering sensation of excitement deep down inside her.

"Oh, I see," murmured Charlie. But, of course, he couldn't really know.

After the enormous lunch, enlivened by so much talk and laughter, the Maxwells and Linda's parents went to sit in chairs on the lawn.

Linda lay on her stomach, her hair flopping over her eyes, playing here's-the-church-here's-the-steeple with her fingers and praying that Mr. Maxwell hadn't forgotten about their walk.

But, by the way he lounged in the garden chair, staring up at the sky through half-closed eyes, continuing in a slow, languid manner an argument with Linda's father, it looked as if he were too comfortable to dream of moving and that before long he would fall asleep!

Linda stared at him as discreetly as possible. Her heart beat with suffocating loudness. He was so handsome, so terribly fascinating, his deep voice like music, his hands long and narrow, clasped round the bowl of his pipe. Oh, how much she loved him! How very, very much! A lump rose in her throat and her hands trembled a little.

She moved her eyes and found herself looking straight at Lisbeth Maxwell. Lisbeth must

have been watching her, must have seen. Her hands were folded with neat composure in her lap and there was a faint, kind smile on her lips.

Breaking into the argument between the two men, she said softly, "Cliff, you won't forget that you're going for a walk with Linda?"

He sat up immediately, smiling.

"Jove, yes! Think we'd better get started, Linda!" he asked her eagerly.

Linda's mother began, "If you'd rather sit and relax in the garden, Linda won't mind."

But he was on his feet, holding out his hand to help Linda rise.

"Oh no! I shall enjoy a walk. Linda has promised to—" he hesitated and then went on—"to show me the haunted windmill."

Linda's heart went out to him in a flood of thrilled gratitude. If he had blundered into saying "has promised to tell me a great secret" she would have died then and there of embarrassment and humiliation.

They crossed the lawn together and went through the garden gate into the lane. Linda's gay red skirt flapped against her bare legs, and the sunshine, miraculously warm for spring, warmed her fair hair, seeping through her scalp right down to her toes.

Walking with Mr. Maxwell. The important, well-known Clifton Maxwell, author of so

many books, traveller, broadcaster, and dearly beloved hero of Linda Purton, who would willingly go through fire and water for his sake!

"Do you like the country?" she asked shyly.

"Immensely. But in prescribed doses, you understand. I like people. I should miss them if I had to live in the country all the time," he answered.

She said, wistfully, "I expect you have hundreds of friends all over the place."

He was smiling, looking at her in the swift interested way he had. "Not exactly hundreds. Quite a number, though. Lisbeth and I like having them round when I'm not busy."

Linda made a little picture: the Clifton Maxwells at home. The tall Regency house he had described to them, near the Zoo. The small paved garden, with the magical almond-blossom tree, spilling confetti down on them every year for a short, beautiful period.

Lisbeth in the soft, clinging dresses that best suited her small, slim figure, her fair hair caught up in a shining chignon on top of her head. Lisbeth putting her small, pale hand for an instant on her husband's sleeve, speaking to him in her quiet voice; the way they looked at each other, everything else shut out for that second, so apparent, so undisguised that no one could help knowing how much they loved.

Wanting to please him, she said quickly, "I think Mrs. Maxwell is the most beautiful person I know."

Please turn to page 8

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...it's clean, dry, absorbent
...and the easiest ever to apply



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Economical in use—lasts and lasts!



SNO-MIST

THE POWDER DEODORANT YOU Spray ON

SNO.24.28

Seventeen

Continued from page 7

IN the moment of silence that followed, Linda guessed Mr. Maxwell was holding the image of his wife in his mind, his love folding round her so that nothing should ever harm her.

If he loved her like that, thought Linda passionately, she'd never have a second's unhappiness in her life!

Yet there was always an air of sadness about Lisbeth, a little sighing in her voice, a wistful loneliness in her eyes. Twice Lisbeth had invited her up to tea in town. Once she had sent her a turquoise-blue chiffon scarf sewn with silver sequins.

Linda had worn it over her head the one and only dance she had gone to with Charlie Martin. He had looked at her, and gone on looking, a sort of misty wonder in his dark eyes, almost as if he were scared of touching her.

They reached the windmill and Linda stopped. "Shall we sit down for a bit?" she suggested.

He spread out his jacket for her to sit on. He clasped his knees and looked around him in quiet delight.

"I should like to picnic here and afterwards have a lovely long sleep on a bed of bracken."

Linda smiled, almost indulgently. For a few moments they sat without speaking. The wind came up behind them and ruffled Linda's hair, blowing it on to her soft, rounded cheeks.

He turned to her suddenly. "What is this great secret you had to tell me?"

Now she didn't want to tell him. It would sound silly, pretentious, quite unimportant. She wished she hadn't made so much of a thing about it when she had told him of it on the previous evening.

"I—I well, it's probably nothing very great to you because it's your—your life," she began, stumbling over words as if they were huge stones that her tongue couldn't leap across. But finally she got it out, and her voice trailed to a stop.

"That's a worthwhile ambition, Linda, my dear. Writing can give one the most exquisite joy. Similarly it can bring one exquisite pain. There isn't any in-between, you understand. I think you should live a little more before you begin to write. There is so much one must know."

He scuffed the ground with the toe of his brown shoe, and his hands hung loosely between his knees.

Linda lost a lot of what he told her in thinking how much she loved him and how truly marvellous it would be if he suddenly looked at her the same way that Charlie Martin had when she wore the silver-and-turquoise scarf on her head.

"How old are you, Linda?" He was looking at her, but his

eyes were screwed-up, regarding her quizzically.

She stared ahead of her, through the low wooden gate opposite and to the primitive sign-post that said "To the Village."

"I'm seventeen. I've been seventeen for three days," she said quietly.

He slapped a hand to his forehead and then started to pull his jacket from beneath her, putting his hand into one of the pockets.

"Jove, yes! That reminds me. I bought you a present. How could I have forgotten?" he cried, with a return of his gay friendliness.

Her cheeks flamed and her breath caught up in her throat. "A present?" she whispered.

Into her hand he put a little packet wrapped in tissue-paper.

"I saw it in a window and thought you would like it," he said briefly.

She unwrapped his present and the wind snatched at the flimsy paper and whirled it away. His gift was a brooch. A delicate thing in silver filigree, the shape of a dragonfly, with colored stones in the wings giving it an illusion of frail, quivering aliveness.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" she gasped, and wanted to put it to her lips. She lifted a flushed, radiant face to his. "Please pin it on for me," she said.

LINDA felt his knuckles against her chin. His face was very close to hers while he fastened it between the two points of her collar.

"Thank you, oh, thank you—" Her eyes shone so that it looked as if they held tears.

There was an expression in them, an emotional tenseness, that held him so that he could not move his gaze from her face. She sensed rather than saw him stiffen, and the easy friendliness went from his face, making him for that second seem a little stern.

"My dear child!" There was a protesting note in his voice, and his face flushed, as if he were both startled and embarrassed. He leaned his head towards her and lightly kissed her. "I'm glad you like my present," he said gruffly. He looked away from her and then down at his watch, frowning slightly. "Half-past four. I suppose we'd better start making tracks for home."

The sound of footsteps sounded along the lane. Heavy steps crunching on the gravel. Charlie Martin came round the corner. He had a black spaniel with him.

"Hello," he said cheerfully. Mr. Maxwell said in a low, mischievous voice, "Your boyfriend, Linda?"

She struggled to her feet, conscious of her flushed cheeks and wind-ruffled hair. The way that Charlie Martin

stared! What did he want to have to come along for just at this minute, she thought resentfully.

"This is Mr. Maxwell. Charlie Martin, who lives near us," she introduced them mumbly.

Charlie's wide grin literally shone out of his thin, boyish face. "How do you do, sir. I read one of your books," he said eagerly.

He turned to Linda. "I called at your house. I saw Mrs. Maxwell in the garden, and she told me I'd find you up here." Under her cool, level gaze he lost a little of his confident cheerfulness. "I wanted to ask you to come to a dance to-night. Gina Pope is throwing a sort of fling at her place. Most of the crowd are going. We're all going 'dutch.'"

He rubbed the back of his neck, concluding lamely. "Still, you've got guests, perhaps you wouldn't fancy coming—"

Mr. Maxwell answered for her. "Nonsense! No one expects Linda to stay at home listening to a lot of old fogies talking. Of course she'll come!"

Linda could have cried with mortification: Mr. Maxwell putting her back "in place," firmly setting her in her own age group as if already he had forgotten that a few minutes ago he had been startled by the realisation that she was a young woman of intense passionate emotions.

"Good! I'll call round about eight o'clock. Will you rustle up a few decent records to take with us?" Charlie asked. He whistled the black spaniel and, with an airy wave of his hand and another broad smile, went on his way.

Linda and Mr. Maxwell started back for home.

Mr. Maxwell swiped at the grass with a stick he had picked up. "That's what I call a really nice boy," he mused.

"Oh, he's not bad," shrugged Linda. She put up her hand and covered the dragonfly brooch at her neck. At least she had this, his birthday present to her. He had chosen it for her himself.

Before they went through the gate into the garden she unfastened the brooch and put it in her pocket.

The others were having tea on the verandah outside the drawing-room windows. Mrs. Maxwell had slipped on a bright yellow cardigan over her blue dress. She was so still and gracefully posed that she was like a portrait in oils. The French School, reflected Linda, and was caught up in a torrent of admiration and envy and longing. Lisbeth was looking at her, the same gentle, half-smiling expression on her face that Linda had noticed before. Linda was suddenly ashamed. This afternoon I kissed Mr. Maxwell.

Please turn to page 51

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Meet Babs Brown
and her sister Sue—
Both wear Bond's
the whole day thru—

(Bond's Underlovelies for daughters 1 to 13. Wonderful quality, they wear and wear.)



Which vest today, Sue?

Your Bond's peach or white...

And look! Frilly pumies

Like Mummie's—and so light!

(Bond's children's vests in white or peach, multi-finish rayon. Fully built, classic ones, too.)



Mummie's got via'tars

for afternoon-tea...

Get your best slip on?

Now which dress—let's see...

(Naturally, Sue's best slip is by Bond's—pink or white multi-finish rayon with big hems to let down at the child's gown.)



And so to bed...

as the saying goes...

Sing in their Bond's

from their chins to their toes!

(Bond's nightgowns for children, in pink, white, multi-finish rayon. Pyjamas in same shades.)

Bond's
"Underlovelies"
for Children

Ask for them everywhere!

Round the Rugged Rocks *by* DAVID NIVEN

ILLUSTRATED
BY LASKIE

A SERIES of light-hearted escapades after the war eventually bring JOHN HAMILTON to New York, where he falls in love with beautiful model ANN WINDSOR.

John tries his hand unsuccessfully at various jobs, then seems well on the way to wealth when he joins showman MILTON MYERS in a fantastic indoor pony-racing venture which proves amazingly successful. However, John falls foul of gangster LEFTY ORBACH over it and flees for refuge to an old Army friend, OGLETHORPE, who is growing orchids in Bermuda.

While he is there, Ann signs a contract with Meadowbrook Pictures, and is to be starred in a film with the company's leading actor, RALPH RIDGWAY.

John comes promptly to California and is invited by ISAAC INGERSOLL, Ann's producer, to visit the Meadowbrook studios. While there he talks freely to gossip columnist ANNIE ARGUS, but fails to realise the significance of this as he drives off with Ingersoll. NOW READ ON:

CHATTING lightly to Ingersoll as the car slipped in and out of the traffic, John, with a sudden sense of guilt, remembered the patient, desperate faces he had seen in the producer's waiting-room, and he rather hesitantly mentioned them again.

As it was none of his business he excused himself by adding, "I am afraid they were rather a blow to me. I always imagined that the entertainment world was a happy, gay, bubbling thing, and that everyone connected with it spent twenty-four hours a day having a wonderful time."

Ingersoll glanced at his watch. "I have plenty of time; I'm going to show you something now which will cure you of that idea once and for all."

He swung the car off the main thoroughfare, and in a minute or two they parked outside a very modern white building. John looked up at the sign above the door—Metropolitan Casting Office, he read.

Ingersoll got out of the car and John followed him through the door marked "Entrance." Once again he saw the inevitable waiting-room, though this one was so large it would have done credit to a railway terminus.

The now-familiar figures were seated on the same uncomfortable chairs, unmoved, apparently, by the fact that the walls above their heads were plastered with large posters which could offer them but little encouragement.

"Don't Try To Become An Actor"—"This is the Most Overcrowded Profession in the World"—"Go Home"—"The Odds Against Your Becoming a Star are Two Thousand To One."

As Ingersoll and John passed through the room, expectant faces were lifted towards them. "You must be important," pleaded the eyes. "Give me a break, mister. . . . All I need is a chance to show what I can do. . . . Please give me a break."

Inside the private office John was introduced to the manager of the Metropolitan Casting Office—a charming little man with a kindly, worn face.

"We are the servants of the studios, Mr. Hamilton. . . . All our operating costs are carried by them. It's a heart-breaking business, really. . . . We do all we can to discourage the ones who shouldn't be here. Did you see our posters out there? You did?" He sighed. "It makes no difference. . . . Every day they come here. . . . It's endless."

Encouraged by Ingersoll the manager explained the function of his organisation. "We classify them according to their types. Of course, the biggest classifications are the racial ones." He looked at John. "You, for instance, with your coloring and the structure of your face, would be classified as Anglo-Saxon type, Scandinavian type, or possibly even as Germanic type."

John nodded interestedly, and he went on, "Within the major classifications come the minor ones—age, height, weight, ability to ride horseback, swim, ski, dance, and so on. All these qualifications are cross-filed so that we can provide the studios with their requirements with the minimum of delay. Now, say I get a call for three fat, Argentinian-type men who can swim; they would come under. . . . let me see."

He looked at a printed index on his office wall. "They would be P40's. So I phone

through to the switchboard and the order for three P40's is flashed up. After that the first three P40's to call in get the job and are told to report at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. The studios always let us have their orders a day in advance, unless, of course, there is an emergency. Would you care to see the switchboard?"

They moved after him. Twenty-five or thirty operators were seated before the board, their hands plucking and poking in endless rhythm. On the far wall high above the switchboard was the "Requirement Statement." This was electrically controlled on the system of the totalisator.

At the moment the only requirements being stated were 120 R34 and 28 D1. The manager translated this as one hundred and twenty Red Indian types and twenty-eight American types who could produce their own evening-dress clothes. As they watched, the number twenty-eight winked down to twenty-seven, then to twenty-six.

"The calls start coming in very fast at this time of day," explained the manager. "We handle several thousand in each twenty-four hour period."

Throughout this conversation John had become aware of a strange humming sound. He now located it. It was a low, continuous murmur from the long line of switchboard operators. They were answering the anxious or desperate voices coming into their ear-phones. John could not hear the requests that were pouring into the ears of these girls, but he could guess what they were like.

"Anything for me? Type H28?"

"Type R26. . . . Any call?"

"Any chance for XII?" The operators glanced at the Requirement Statement and except for "Red Indian type" and "American type with full evening dress" it was the same answer over and over again.

"Sorry, call later."—"Sorry, call later."—"Sorry, call later," that was the hum John heard—the dreadful hum of disillusionment, and it filled the room.

Ingersoll caught John's eye. "Seen enough?" John nodded. They thanked the little manager and left.

John did not go any further with Ingersoll. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to consider his own situation for a little while. It was no later than three o'clock. Ann would not be home for another four hours. He had plenty of time.

He started walking in the warm sun, and the exercise felt good. He took off his coat and slung it over his shoulder, then he lengthened his stride and headed up the high hills behind Hollywood from the top of which he stared down, fascinated, at the whole city of Los Angeles spread below.

John sat on a rock and gazed for a long while upon the scene. Suddenly he shivered; the warmth was going out of the day. He put on his coat and started down from the hills.

By the time he had arrived once more at the bottom of the road, he had decided that his first essential need was some form of conveyance. The city had looked so vast and so sprawling from the hills that the thought of tramping about it job-hunting appalled John, so for ninety-eight dollars he bought a car from a man on Melrose Avenue.

Please turn to page 48



"My dressing-room is next door, so I thought I'd call on you," Marie greeted John sweetly.

FIFTH INSTALMENT OF A SIX-PART SERIAL



FABRIC

BY **Prestige**

SCREEN PRINTS — RAYONS — CREPES — FINE WORSTEDS

Your Turn Sweetheart

A short story complete on this page

By MARIE KENNEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

CLUTCHING the menu tightly, Stan Richards considered it for a while. How irritated could a man become without letting it show?

"Anything special, dear?" His pretty bride of three months sat across the table from him—the same table in the same cosy little restaurant where they had become engaged.

Stan looked into a pair of grey eyes, misty as dawn and bedewed with love for him. For a delicious moment his irritation went willingly limp.

"It's my turn to decide on the specials, dear. What about filet mignon?" he asked.

"Just right! I love filet mignon!"

She loves filet mignon! His irritation unlimped. He plopped down the menu, pushed at his water glass. Silly little liar! Her pretty pink tongue hanging out for chicken fricassée and a lettuce salad, and she loves steak!

If he had shouted out his sarcasm at her, Lois would have walked out on him. It would have been world's end for Stan. He couldn't live one hour if he lost Lois.

The traitorous sentiment simply crowded uninvited within him, flushed his face and made his collar feel uncomfortable. He ran a quick finger around the rim. It helped.

"What are you thinking of, Stan?"

"You. I'm thinking you look as cool and lovely as a water-melon."

"Nice." Lois acknowledged the Stan-like compliment. Her eyes crinkled with amusement. "Keeping the conversation gustatory, dear, you're definitely on the roast beef and gravy side yourself. But you're wonderful!" She set her napkin daintily, half open on her lap.

He shook out his to its full size.

The waitress set the robust dinner before them.

Stan glanced sidewise at Lois. How was she ever going to choke this heavy meal down her slim white throat?

His thoughts were sarcastic. She'd manage somehow. Hypocritically pleasing each other day in and day out. You please me now and I'll please you next time. Taking confounded turns.

It was awful to be married three months and be haunted by an enny-meeny-mo complex. Drat his dad-blasted collar! He gave it a vicious tug.

Lois, frowning slightly, watched him. "Tight, Stan?"

"A little." If he dared get off his chest to her what really ailed him! Alarmed at the temptation, he attacked a mound of mashed potatoes to stuff his mouth so he wouldn't say what he was thinking.

We're too darn polite to each other! We've been too doggone darn polite for three months! Another month and I'll be lying in a darkened room telling a psychiatry-gent how I was scared of a big yellow butterfly when I was four. Good grief, the collar! Must be sprouting tentacles! He worked his finger vigorously around the edge and found momentary relief.

Lois watched him. She smiled. The smile was small, as if she sucked it close, fearing it would get away.

Stan smiled back, keeping his mental agony under secret control while he remembered how wonderful he had thought it when, on their wedding night, they had decided that they would never quarrel.

They had made a pact on the

going-away corsage that they would never speak an angry word to each other. By heck they hadn't! He jabbed his finger down into his collar and winced when he scratched his neck. Was the blooming thing peppered with sand?

Lois stared, seeming to be fascinated. The smile had got away.

Stan cut his steak. They had sworn to live in perfect accord, to set their souls in harmony. None of this selfish you go your way with your likes and hobbies and I'll go mine.

You read the sport page and I'll read the book reviews. You listen to swing music and crooners and I'll listen to the concert orchestra. Married people should not develop individual egos. They should share each other's preferences.

He started to tangle with his collar again but left off when he caught a flicker in his wife's eyes. Could she be annoyed with him? No! Bless her heart!

She believed that when two people were in love one was never annoyed with the other. She had never been annoyed with him. He had never—his conscience jabbed at him.

He reached over the table suddenly and took her hand. "I love you," he whispered, and how he meant it!

"I love you, too." Her words trembled.

Would she love him if she knew he was crazy? He must be crazy to thrill so to her voice and at the same time ponder what the dessert would be.

He craved apple-pie. Lois would lean towards chocolate ice-cream cake. Pie would be their unanimous choice, however, because in his pocket were tickets for the Symphony at the Memorial Hall. He wanted to go to the Nixon to see a light musical.

Since their choice was the symphony they would now both eat apple-pie. Sensible compromise. So sensible he was going nuts fast. Multiplying days of share and share alike—that's what he was doing!

Already they had considered their golden wedding anniversary because people who lived in harmony would have their days lengthened. When

their first anniversary caught up with them they would have lived three hundred and sixty-five days of harmony. Fifty times three hundred and sixty-five days—See what was happening to him?

"Dessert, Stan?" prompted Lois. Her eyes, following his finger around his winking collar rim, narrowed just slightly, but she said with pleasant suggestion: "What about apple-pie?"

"Of course, sweetheart, let's have pie." In the shadow of her eyes he read the lost hope of chocolate ice-cream cake. No heresy to their creed! Her Symphony. His apple-pie. Frantically, his finger fretted his collar.

Lois watched the movement with a sort of bewitched intentness. She had recaptured the smile, but it was a frosty sweetness.

Stan, not noticing, dug into his pie.

She had broken off the merest tip and was eating dutifully.

THEN the thought struck Stan—just how many apple-pies would she be forced to eat in three hundred and sixty-five days times fifty years? Suddenly, Stan had no taste for his pie.

He stuck his forefinger between his suffering neck and the sadistic collar. His chin stuck out and his Adam's apple was shamefully naked. His under-lip jutted. He had no eyes, just twitching eyebrows doing a St. Vitus dance.

A sixth sense told him that Lois was leaning half way across the table breathing rapidly. He ceased operations collar and gave his startled attention to her.

Then Lois pushed back her chair and was standing there, towering over him, pointing an accusing finger almost to the tip of his nose. She seemed completely unaware of the disturbance she was causing in the restaurant—completely unaware that everyone had turned to stare at her.

Her eyes blazed indignation. Gone were the mistiness, the dewiness, and the adoration.

Her mouth opened unpleasantly

wide and a voice from which no drop of honey dripped came out.

"Stan Richards," she almost yelled, "if you poke your horrible finger down your collar one more time I'll scream. I'll throw my cup at you! You look like a contortionist with the hiccups!"

Having said all she could think of for the moment, Lois sat down as suddenly as she had risen, and, although there were a few titters from the other diners, the place settled once again to the normal cosy little restaurant it usually was.

It was one and one-half seconds before Stan could shut his astonished mouth. When he did manage it, a beautiful thing happened to his homely, intelligent face.

A grin spread over it, lighting it, as if a candle, flame-tipped with blessed deliverance, were behind it. She had snarled at him! His precious darling was going to throw a cup at him!

He leaned over the table. Their chins almost met in domestic combat. "Lois, sweetheart," he stated with glee, "I'm crazy about you!"

"Crazy about me? You're crazier about your darn collar or your neck. And let me tell you, Stan Richards, now that I've opened up—that I've eaten my last piece of pie! Steak, potatoes, French-fried onions and pie! Do you want me to lose my figure before I'm twenty-five?"

"Your figure, dear, is the nicest ever! And you're nice! You're the cute, pretty little spitfire I've been praying for. And something else, Furious Lady, if you ever say hello to an apple-pie, I'll beat you!"

"Stan, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, except that I've started to breathe once more. Listen to this. We're not going to the Symphony. I'm never going to a Symphony! You're never going to eat apple-pie! And we're going to have a quarrel every now and again."

They stared at each other. All at once Lois began to giggle.

Stan reached over and took her hand and said softly, "Darling, how does it feel to be inside your own skin once again?"

She took a deep breath. "Comfortable. How do you feel?"

"Like kissing my wife!" He motioned impatiently for the bill.

They stood up at the same moment, walked out of the dining-room holding hands.

People looked after them and smiled. Anyone who had come in after the disturbance, no doubt, thought with tolerance and a touch of envy, "a pair of true lovers with but one mind."

(Copyright)



"Stan," Lois almost yelled, "if you poke your finger down your collar again, I'll scream!"

A complete

short story by St. CLAIR McKELWAY

The Russian who wanted to be Friends

"No good; these are Nine B," said my friend, shaking his head. Looking up at the assembly of people for the first time, he held out a good-looking pair of dark brown brogues. "Anybody here want a pair of Nine B shoes?" he asked.

Nobody said anything for a moment. The onlookers grinned and stood around, waiting to see what was going to happen. The young man who runs the cigar counter nearby had been taking all this in, and now he came around from behind it and stepped up to my friend and asked, "How much?"

"Not a cent," said my friend. "You wear Nine B? Here, take 'em. They're yours."

He turned to me. "That's that," he said. "Now let's go into town and get some dinner. I'll tell you what this is all about, but it'll take some time."

I explained again that I was about to catch a plane for Bermuda and would be gone for a week, but I arranged to meet him one night when I came back.

A week later I went round to his hotel and had dinner with him, and in the course of a long evening he explained to me why he had wanted to give away that suit and that pair of shoes the moment he set foot on United States soil.

I will call him Sam Hyman. Although he wants me to write this story, he doesn't want to make it too easy for the Russians to find out exactly what American cotton-broker I am writing about. Several dozen of them have been in and out of Moscow in the past couple of years.

He says he doesn't care whether they find out about him or not, because he doesn't intend to sell any more cotton to the Russians as long as the present regime is in power, but that he wants to make it hard for them if they try to find out.

He has a deep, personal, and extraordinary dislike for the Narkomvnutdiz — the secret police commonly known as the NKVD. When he first thought of telling me this story, he says, he was afraid he oughtn't to do it because the NKVD might take it into their heads to try to find and send to Siberia a certain Russian friend of his, or might in some other manner interfere with the man's career as a Moscow factory worker.

But while I was in Bermuda he went over his story carefully and, before he told it to me, altered some inconsequential details in a manner that will make it impossible for the NKVD to find this man if they do decide to try.

It would be hard to say just what charges the NKVD would bring against the man if they did ever find him. He coveted, for a while, the suit of clothes my friend wanted to give him. That is all he is really guilty of.

I first met Sam Hyman in 1943 in the Army. After the war, Sam looked me up a couple of times when his cotton business brought him to New York. He was making plans to carry on that business when we were

"I just want to give you a suit of clothes," said my friend. "I'm not joking. It's a suit I bought here in New York just a year ago, and I've only worn it three or four times. If you like it you can have it, that's all. Here, take off your coat and try it on."

The porter had been looking at the suit and seemed to like what he saw. It was a dark blue worsted with a faint herringbone weave. Without saying anything, he slipped off his jacket and tried on the coat.

By this time a dozen or so people had gathered around us and others were moving over to see what was going on. My friend paid no attention to them.

"Not bad," he said approvingly to the porter, and handed him pants and vest. "The pants may be a little long, but you can have them altered. You like the suit?"

"Sure," said the porter.

"Okay, it's yours,"

said my friend, and

picked up the small

bundle and untied it.

"What size shoes do

you wear?"

"Eleven C," said

the porter.

I HADN'T seen my friend from Russia for about a year, and when I ran into him at the Overseas Terminal at La Guardia Airport a few weeks ago I was delighted. When, after we had said hello, he gave away a suit of clothes to a porter and a pair of shoes to a cigar clerk, I was surprised.

He made these bequests without self-consciousness, even with some ostentation, and didn't seem to mind the stir he created there in the airport lobby.

I have always thought of him as being from Russia, but actually he is a conservative businessman from Memphis, Tennessee, who has, for several years now, spent much of his time selling cotton in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, and has gone to Russia itself only about once or twice a year.

I saw him come into the airport lobby carrying a large parcel under his right arm and a smaller one in his left hand. Both parcels were wrapped in coarse brown paper and tied with string. I knew he was a man who, if it were not for the income tax, could easily be called rich.

He had just got off a plane from Paris, had been through the customs and sent his baggage along to the taxi stand, and when I went up to him he had put the small parcel down on a bench near the cigar counter and was looking around in a purposeful manner as he untied the string on the large bundle.

When he saw me he grinned, shook my hand, and said, "Say, what are you doing here? I was going to get in touch with you when I got into town and ask you to dinner." Then he went on untying the string, and seemed not to hear me when I said I wasn't going into town, but was flying to Bermuda for a week, and was waiting for my flight to be called.

"I've got to give away a suit," he said abstractedly. Then he saw the porter, looked him up and down as if measuring him, and beckoned to him.

"I'd like to give you a suit of clothes," said my friend to the porter, taking a coat, vest and trousers out of the bundle.

"Yeah?" the porter asked in a slightly guarded tone.

"Slip this on," said my friend, holding up the coat. "I'm pretty sure it'll fit you. You're just about my size."

"What's the idea?" asked the porter.



The quiet hilltop was the only place where they could meet without being seen or overheard, but still fear was rampant.

in the Army, and he used to tell me what a great market for American cotton Russia was going to be as soon as the Nazis had been defeated.

He was studying the Russian language in his spare time, and, wherever he was, always managed to find a Russian of one kind or another to help him with it.

I think Sam's most outstanding trait of character is ebullience. He went out of his way to try to persuade people to like him and he was almost always successful. His easy-going appearance covered a lot of sound intelligence and courage. He was highly decorated for service before the end of the war.

He wound up his career in the Army as a full colonel. He continued his studies of the Russian language, though, and when he got out of uniform in 1946 he began to carry out his plans for selling American cotton to the Russians.

In our talk after I got back from Bermuda recently, Sam made me understand the Russians in a way I had never understood them before.

"Being in Moscow is beyond belief," he said. "I guess you've gathered that I'm a friendly fellow—get along with all sorts of people. I've always really liked getting to know the people I'm dealing with, whatever country it happens to be."

"All my life it's been an important thing with me. I can't stand the feeling of being surrounded by strangers, so I make the strangers into friends as quickly as I can. I guess it's one reason I have a facility for learning languages."

"The horrible part of being in Moscow, to me, is that you can't get close to any of the millions of Russians that surround you there. They're against you because you're an American. It's the result of the propaganda, of course, but there it is—you can drink with them and laugh with them, but there's a barrier you can't get through. It makes you feel very, very solitary."

"Now I'll tell you about that suit of clothes. I decided to give away that suit of clothes last Thanksgiving Day when I was in Moscow. I was feeling the holiday spirit, I guess. I was staying at one of the three or four hotels in Moscow that Americans are allowed to stay at."

"I'd been there a month, waiting for cotton conferences, and I'd got acquainted with the charwoman who cleaned out my room every three or four days. The maids and the ele-

vator men and the waiters—everybody on that level—are almost invariably working part-time for the NKVD, and there's no use trying to get friendly with them."

"But the charwomen, as far as I've been able to discover, aren't considered smart enough even for part-time NKVD work. It's a snobbish organisation."

"Anyway, this charwoman who did my room—scrubbed the floors and so on—was a nice, motherly, overworked woman of fifty or so, not very well educated, but certainly intelligent and unusually human, for a Russian in Moscow."

"I got to chatting with her, making jokes the way I always do with strangers. At first she was as standoffish as all the other people in Moscow—polite, you know, answering my casual questions about her family and her home life civilly enough, and listening to any small talk with apparent interest, but without giving me any feeling of an ordinary, warm human contact—the kind of thing I always look for, wherever I am, automatically."

SAM paused for a moment, looking for the right words. "I don't want to give you the idea that I was more lonely in Moscow than other Americans, and that the only person I could find to talk to for relaxation was this charwoman. I suppose, actually, I went to more Russian parties, and knew more Russians in Moscow, than most of the visiting Americans there."

"What I mean is that, after a few talks with my charwoman, I began to feel the kind of warmth that I had never felt before when talking to any of the other various kinds of Russians I knew."

"She had a sweet face that had a lot of suffering in it, but it wasn't what you'd call a long-suffering face, if you know what I mean. To tell you the truth, she reminded me very much of the colored housekeeper we had in Memphis when I was growing up."

"I suppose it was because the Russian charwoman reminded me of our old housekeeper that I went out of my way to try to make friends with her."

"Every time she came to clean the room I'd have some new joke to try on her—just some silly joke of the kind I usually tell, you know. She chuckled at them politely at first, and that was all."

"In my position, I am not free to be seen talking to a foreigner," the Russian said.

"Then one day I translated that old one about Rastus trying to run away from the river-front plantation where he was a slave—getting in a rowboat and rowing all night but forgetting to untie the rope that held the stern of the rowboat to the wharf."

"You've heard it, of course. When one of the other slaves came down to the wharf at dawn and called out to Rastus, asking him what he was doing, Rastus just kept rowing along and hollered out, 'Who knows me way up here?' Well, it really struck my Moscow charwoman's funnybone."

"Maybe the reason almost everybody seems to like that joke—maybe the reason she laughed so—is that there is something sort of universal about it. How we'd all like to run away from wherever we are at one time or another—escape—but the rowboat's tied to the wharf. Anyway, she laughed until she cried that day, and when she left me to go to her other rooms I felt that I had made friends with a Russian in Moscow."

Please turn to page 14

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The Russian who Wanted to be Friends

LISTENING to Sam's story I felt how glad he must have been to see the woman laugh.

He went on: "The next couple of times I saw her she did some of the talking. She seemed to enjoy it, too. She told me about her husband and her children.

"Among other things, she said her husband was about the same size and build as I am. That was when I got the idea of giving her that suit of clothes for her husband. I don't think I'm particularly generous by nature, and I hope I'm not magnanimous.

"This happened to be a suit that I didn't like very much, but it was a good suit. I wrapped it up in some Russian paper I had bought to use on some Christmas gifts I was going to give to various people I knew in Moscow before I left, and I gave it to her, and she took it. I had to do a lot of fast talking and tell her a couple more jokes before she'd quite believe that I didn't want something in return for the suit.

"But she was old enough to remember what it used to be like in Russia at Christmas, and she finally accepted the fact that I wanted to give that suit to her because I liked her and because she had made me feel less homesick by listening to me and talking to me as one human being to another.

"She went away with it under her arm. But late that night, after I'd come home from the Thanksgiving dinner over at the Embassy, there was a knock on my door and, when I opened it, there she stood with a man whom I instantly realised must be her husband.

"When I opened the door, he was holding the bundle my suit was in. Before he said anything, he lifted it over his head and flung it at me. I just managed to duck or it would have hit me in the face.

"Then he made a speech right out of the propaganda broadcasts—all about how he and his wife were good Russians and had everything they needed and didn't have to depend on the charity of a warmongering American. The elevator man who had brought

Continued from page 13

them up to my floor stood outside his elevator and took it all in and, I'm sure, duly reported it to the NKVD.

"Well, after that I was about through with the idea of trying to get close to any of the Russians in Moscow. And then I happened to get close to one entirely by chance. A couple of weeks after my charwoman's husband threw that bundle back at me, I was taking a walk by myself on a cold, bright Tuesday afternoon in

Danny Kaye's private life

DANNY KAYE, the film clown, is a great one for practical jokes, usually, but not always, at his own expense.

He will answer the phone at home and maintain he isn't in, using the dialect of a Japanese houseboy, Negro butler, Siamese valet, or French chef. His friends just have to ring until he decides to call himself to the phone.

Once, when no one seemed to be watching him at a big dinner-party, he picked up a salad bowl, overturned it on his head, and screamed, "How do you like my new hat?"

More of his pranks are described in an article, illustrated in full color, in A.M. for October, now on sale.

one of the several large parks of Moscow.

"I wasn't particularly surprised when a nondescript-looking Russian walked past me once and then came back past me again from the other direction and looked at me rather closely both times. I figured that he would turn out to be, of course, a part-time or full-time employee of the NKVD.

"I walked off the main path of the park, through a little wooded patch, and up to the top of a hill, where I sat down on a boulder and lit an American cigarette. I had, of course,

in earlier visits to Moscow, become used to being followed.

"There must have been four or five full-time NKVD men assigned to me on that first visit. I got to know their faces as time went on. Two or three of them were always somewhere ahead of me or behind me wherever I went.

"On my second visit to Moscow, about a year after that, the NKVD seemed to be fairly satisfied that I wasn't doing any intelligence work for my Government. I was allowed to live in a rather nice furnished flat.

"The servants, of course, were part-time NKVD people. I found, in time, that, since they had to report faithfully on all my comings and goings, I would get better service if I made a point of mentioning, in an offhand way—to the cook or the maid—where I was going when I went out and where I had been when I got home.

"Otherwise, one of them would have had to follow me, and either my apartment or my food would have been accordingly neglected. It was a tacit understanding.

"On that last visit I tested, a couple of times, and just for fun, whether the NKVD were still following me. As far as I know, they weren't. I figured they'd convinced themselves that I wasn't doing any intelligence work. Of course, I couldn't have hired a car or bought a railroad or airline ticket or in any other manner got out of town without being stopped and questioned, but apparently I could move around Moscow in a normal way on my own.

"Nevertheless, I wasn't surprised, that day in the park, when this same nondescript Russian who had scrutinised me on the main path came strolling by the boulder on which I was sitting on top of the hill.

"He took another somewhat over-casual gander at me. He walked past me a dozen yards or so, turned around as if he had forgotten something, came back, and paused a couple of feet from me.

"It's a pleasant afternoon," I said to him in Russian. "Can I offer you an American cigarette?"

"He looked to his right, to his left, and all around him from the hilltop, apparently to make sure nobody else was near, and then he turned around, smiling.

"I thought rightly," he said in English. "You are an American, yes?"

"I told him I was and held out my package of cigarettes. He took one and swiftly slipped it into an inside pocket. He was a fine-looking man of, I guess, around seventy or so, with bright grey eyes that seemed lively and thoughtful.

"He had spoken the English words with difficulty, leaving spaces between them during which he seemed to find it necessary to think hard. He gave the impression of knowing the language but of not having used it for a long time.

"I remarked in careful English that it was unusual to run into a resident of Moscow, outside of official circles, who spoke my language."

Please turn to page 59

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YELLOW BANKSIA, a Chinese climber (left), brought to England in 1824, is most useful for a terrace as it is nearly thornless and is decorative.



GENERAL GALLIENI (below) is one of the best keepers of the rose family. Is particularly good for Australia as it is hardy and glories in the heat.

In honor of the rose....

IN gardens all over Australia roses are at their best now, and rose societies are organising shows. Sydney rose growers have been busy collecting roses for the exhibition arranged by the National Rose Society of New South Wales. The Society will hold its spring exhibition on October 15, at 8 p.m., in the Concert Hall of the Y.M.C.A.

Members will then donate all their blooms to the Bush Book Club for their show "In Honor of the Rose," which will be held on the fourth floor of David Jones' George Street store on October 16, 17, 18, and 19.

The show is being organised by Miss Barbara Knox and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland in conjunction with the National Rose Society. Jocelyn Brown, lecturer on landscape gardening at Sydney University, is making a collection of old-fashioned roses and is sending as far afield as Tasmania and Victoria for blooms.

"In Honor of the Rose" will be opened by Dick Bentley at 3 p.m. on October 16.

A charge of 2/6 will be made on the opening day. On following days admission will be by silver coin.

On this page are some of the favorite roses, old and new, which will attract admiration at shows all around Australia during the present season. Some of the blooms were supplied to us by the Strathfield Horticultural Society. Others were sent from Queensland, where the Queensland Rose Society recently held its show.



MAMAN COCHET. A large, heavy bloom of splendid form at its best. Mildew-proof foliage.



PERLE DES JARDINS, lovely old cream roses which were first raised by Lavet Nurseries in France in 1874.



ETOILE DE HOLLANDE, a sweet-scented, dark red rose which is a florist's favorite and a tall grower.



HENS VERSCHUREN and WILLIAM HARVEY (left). The tall rose is Hens Verschuren and the other William Harvey, one of the new red roses in Queensland.



POINSETTIA. A lovely rose of vivid scarlet. The color keeps well.



EDITH KRAUSE. An old favorite, white rose which grows well inland.



CATHERINE KORDES grows to a large size and fine shape. Color varies.



ETERNAL YOUTH is an ideal rose for decoration. It is a light clear pink.



BETTER TIMES, a glistening cerise rose with stems carrying few thorns.



UNA WALLACE is a fragrant old rose which has long, thornless stems.

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WHEELBARROW DERBY was a popular event with Emmaville youths on the Saturday afternoon of Electric Light Week-end. Girl riders in white-and-scarlet uniforms, followed by bagpipers, led the procession that began the day's festivities.

Lights shine at Emmaville

Country township stages carnival to mark coming of electricity

By
AINSLIE BAKER,
staff reporter

In one glorious burst of carnival the small township of Emmaville, in the New England district of N.S.W., on a recent Saturday, emerged from the lamplight era into the age of electricity. It somehow never quite caught up with gaslight.

ELECTRIC Light Week-end was fittingly ushered in by early closing of shops, a procession, wheelbarrow derby, bicycle race, and a Grand Social with mannequin parade.

At one stall 50 dozen hot-dogs were consumed, at another 50 dozen bottles of varied colored cordials, and at the Hospital Auxiliary luncheon-room, 30lbs. of ham and 50 loaves of bread.

Prime mover in this somewhat delayed tribute to the inventive genius of the late Mr. Edison was the Emmaville Progress Association, whose President, Mr. Eric Gabbott, is manager of the town's only bank.

Emmaville has all the pride of a small town in-

tensely conscious of its colorful past and present shortcomings.

Attack being the best form of defence, the visitor is almost invariably greeted with "I suppose this seems a funny little place to you?"

You will then learn that Emmaville has three taxis, three churches, four three-story buildings, the State's best headmaster at its 200-pupil public school, black-berries, bread, and wild-flowers enjoying a 100-mile reputation, and among the most friendly and open-handed people in Australia.

Its boast is "You can always raise money in Emmaville."

Emmaville and the weather both did themselves proud for Electric Light Saturday.

The town could almost be heard bursting its seams, as under benign blue skies, with flags fluttering, well over 2000

people made merry in its main street.

Lining the tightly packed street, stark and incongruous against the faded anonymity of the old town, rose the new, raw poles that carry the light to Emmaville from Tamworth.

Youth or infirmity was no bar to joining the milling throng. Nobody stayed at home that junketing Saturday.

Babies clutching outside balloons, old people in wheel-chairs or on crutches were forced through the friendly crowd.

Then, at last, after an afternoon of carnival the great moment arrived.

Electric lights shone in the streets of Emmaville.

Faces showed differing emotions in those first few moments. Old, workworn hands were tremblingly raised to shade ancient eyes; young eyes blinked happily as laughing faces were confidently raised to meet the full impact of the golden light.

Varied reactions

ITS coming meant so many different things to so many different people.

To pretty teenager Enid Lawson it meant that her town was now as good as anybody else's.

"I won't be worrying about getting away to a big town now," she said. "The lights have made Emmaville good enough for me."

But to 74-year-old Mr. T. Davidson the coming of the lights meant something different.

"Seeing the streets lit up reminded me of when I was a young man," he said.

"You mightn't think it, but things were pretty bright in those days, with the stores open till half-past eight and five hotels open till eleven.

"There was a bit of light round then; plenty of lamps and plenty of people. That all stopped in 1914, but now things look alive again."

Possibly the person with the most reason to rejoice in the coming of electricity to Emmaville is Matron M. Austin, of the 24-bed Vegetable Creek Hospital—locally rated the best small hospital in the State.

"It will make all the difference in the world," she said. "Our present plant is always breaking down."

Untold benefits

"GOOD, steady electric light will be a boon in itself. But for X-ray, sterilising, and operations its benefits will be untold."

Emmaville was mostly wattle scrub, aborigines, and kangaroos when 83-year-old Mr. Edward Saw first saw it.

A veteran of the booming 'eighties, when the famous local horse-breaker "Dick Turpin" habitually rode into bars to have a drink, Mr. Saw's main feeling about electricity is that "it's all right for the cities."

Local housewives, however, are of a very different opinion. They have given electric iron top priority in their purchases. At closing time on Electric Light Saturday Emmaville's biggest store had only one left unsold.

When Mrs. Ellen Brown first came to Emmaville from a Queensland cattle station 75 years ago as a child of nine, she watched a wooden cottage being built.

"I've seen the moon shining on its roof all these years," she said. "And then last night there was electric light shining on it, and right through my front door, too. It all looked so different, I didn't know what to think."

Three Emmaville boys who came back to their home town to see the lights come on were Darrel Sullings, Geoff Smart, and Keith Lawson.



PRETTY GIRLS in pretty dresses were a feature of the Strollers' Dance Band float. Five hundred people, including three busloads of visitors, danced at the grand social.



SWITCHING-ON CEREMONY performed by Councillor D. Mather, shown here with Councillor D. Kneipp (left), was the eagerly awaited climax of Emmaville's long fight for light.

Keith said: "I'll say I'm glad I came—you wouldn't know the old place. What's more, I'll be back next long weekend."

Before Emmaville became Emmaville in the 'eighties, it was the boom tin-mining district of Vegetable Creek—so-called on account of the creek-side vegetable patches grown by its large Chinese population.

Now the Chinese have dispersed and the joss, one of the few in Australia, was destroyed by fire some years ago.

Even though its former chief claim to fame, the largest floating dredge in the southern hemisphere, is now no more than a large mud-colored lagoon, Emmaville is, as it always has been, essentially a tin town.

The district of 1300 square miles to-day, according to Sergeant D. Shumack, is the most law abiding he has known in his 29 years in the Force.

But there are still Tent Hill, Tin Town, Murderer's Flat, and the sights of former grog shanties to keep alive the talk of former rip-roaring days.

Why Emmaville ceased being Vegetable Creek and became Emmaville is currently the subject of research by Mr. George Suttor, whose family arrived in Australia in 1800.

Local opinion is divided as to whether it was a compliment to N.S.W. Governor Lord Loftus, whose wife's name was Emma, or to the wife of an influential local property owner.

The more romantic incline towards the former theory, the practical towards the latter.

Emmaville still speaks with pride to the visitor of its wartime hero, the late Squadron-Leader Charles Scherf, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar.

Famous sons

YOU cannot be in the town more than a matter of hours without being asked if you knew him.

It even displays an unusually tolerant attitude towards the Department of Taxation.

Its New South Wales State Commissioner and Federal Deputy Commissioner, Mr. J. W. R. Hughes, is Emmaville born and bred.

But it was in 1927 that Emmaville reached what was perhaps the peak of its distinction.

In that year at the famous Wembley Exhibition in England, Emmaville won no fewer than three first prizes.

They were for honey, hand-writing, and arsenic.



NOVELTY of electric light kept the happy crowd lingering in the main street of Emmaville long after formal celebrations were over. The night was one of carefree goodwill, with old-timers holding the floor with tales of the lamplit past.



HABIT was too strong for 82-year-old Mrs. Ellen Brown, who set out lamps and candle in their usual places before going out to watch the lights come on.



IDENTITY OF MYSTERY MAN (Mr. W. Wilson) is pondered on by Mr. E. Say and Mr. W. Patterson. Hospital secretary Mr. Edgar Fromings (left) sold tickets for guesses.



"EARLY EMMAVILLE DAYS." Gordon Say (front seat), Dick Reynolds, and Bruce Say, with driver Jim Cullen, won a prize in the procession.



BURIAL OF LAMPS. Mr. K. Lowrey (centre) officiates as Mr. R. Werner (left) and Mr. V. Rooney lower one of Emmaville's discarded lamps into its resting place.



HOUSEWIVES, in town for the celebrations, were irresistibly drawn to displays of electrical equipment. Picture shows Mrs. B. Drew, Mrs. G. Hadley, and Mrs. G. Kelsey.

Shining brighter than ever this Spring
those beautiful stars by—

Knight



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In felt with velvet collar:
wine, royal, saxe, green.



"JEAN"
Felt heel-slipper in wine,
royal, saxe, rose, black.



"INA"
In felt: red-blue, wine-royal,
saxe-royal, rose-wine,
royal-wine.



"KERRY"
In felt and quilted satin:
rose, wine, royal, saxe, black.



"LORETTE"
In quilted satin: saxe, wine,
royal, rose, jet-black.

Soft, plushy felt "Knights" a-twinkle with tiny glittery studs... Starry "Knights", luxuriously quilted... "Knights" with frivolous pom-poms, velvet collars and bows... Light, comfortable, wonderful!



"ANNA"
In felt and satin: wine,
royal, black, saxe.



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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 20 October 17, 1951

WOMEN MEET IN CANBERRA

TWO hundred women, representing about 80 organisations, are meeting in Canberra for the Commonwealth Women's Jubilee Convention.

The theme of the convention is: "What have women to contribute to the future of the Commonwealth?"

One obvious answer is, "Its future citizens." Bringing up a family is still the most important and satisfying job that can be done by a woman. Most of the women who attend this convention take that for granted.

Many of them have combined an interest in public life with rearing children.

Women's organisations have to put up with a good deal of indifference and, even to-day, a certain amount of derision. Their battles for emancipation have often been regarded with tolerant amusement.

Yet, in the past 50 years, they have accomplished a great deal. The Country Women's Association, to name one, has done a tremendous job in alleviating the discomforts of those who live in the outback. Some organisations have concerned themselves in the battle for equal pay, others in improving women's legal status.

One important subject on the agenda of the conference for discussion is that raised by the National Council of Women which urges that the Federal Government mark Jubilee year by bringing down legislation to provide for uniformity in State divorce laws.

Anyone easily discouraged might think that the agitation for this reform has gone on so long with so little result that it is hardly worth continuing the fight.

But women are not easily discouraged. They are accustomed to fighting for a long time to obtain reforms.

It is typical of their determination that they are going on in this particular fight.

If progress is made on this point alone the convention will have been well worth while.

OUR COVER

... this week features INGE LAUME, of Switzerland, who has been adopted as a pin-up girl by the members of a British submarine crew—no small honor from the underwater boys.

This week:

● We nominate as one of our prettiest pin-ups ever the full-page color picture of June Haver on page 39. In her earlier film days June's studio publicised her as the typical American girl. Since then she has rivalled Grable in popularity as a choice for a technicolor star, but success hasn't spoiled her. She is still what Americans like to regard as a typical American girl—healthy, pretty, and unaffected, with a private life which doesn't make the kind of headlines that have been coming out of Hollywood lately.

● When we received an invitation to the celebrations that marked the switching on of electric light at Emmaville, N.S.W. (see pages 16 and 17), we were immediately interested because electricity this last few years has tended to fall into disrepute in power-short Sydney. Staff reporter Ainslie Baker and photographer Alton Frazer enjoyed the visit thoroughly, were impressed with the country hospitality, the huge quantities of cakes, and the fact that electricity may have been slow in coming to Emmaville, but at least it's sure—the power source, Tamworth, promises there will be no blackouts.

Next week:

● First instalment of "Elizabeth the Woman," the latest book by Marion Crawford ("Crawfie"), former governess to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, begins in our next issue, illustrated with color portraits.

This new book has all the absorbing intimacy that made her first, "The Little Princesses," a world best seller.

When we published "The Little Princesses" as a serial last year, thousands of readers wrote saying how sorry they were when it ended. Now "Crawfie" continues the story, this time centred on the elder Princess' life as a wife and mother, with the grave responsibilities of her heritage heavier on her young shoulders.

We know you will enjoy it as much as you did "The Little Princesses."

● Already the boys who carry our mailbags from the post office are beginning to get the haunted look that comes over them during contests. Entries for our £5000 Quiz contest are arriving in ever-increasing numbers, and judging has begun. However, there is still plenty of time to enter. Last week we published the three quizzes—on romance, office, and homemaker problems—and next week we shall print them again. The closing date will be announced soon.

Rush for Queen Mary book

THIS is your last opportunity to secure a copy of the "Queen Mary" pageant book we are offering our readers.

The rush for the book has been so great that supplies are nearly exhausted.

Rich in pictures, and with an absorbing narrative, the "Queen Mary" book is a

cavalcade of the history of the past 80 years.

It takes in many aspects of the changing world scene, making it an invaluable reference work.

The coupon on this page will not be published again.

Cut it out and send it or take it to any of the addresses shown at the right immediately.

If you delay you may be disappointed.

You can present cancellation coupon, below, at any of The Australian Women's Weekly offices:—
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FEATHER BOOM

● Marcelle Francois, the long-established London firm of ostrich-feather importers, says that the present ostrich-feather boom is welcome to an industry which has had many periods of depression.

BACK in the early 1900's every feminine wardrobe had a hat, boa, or fan of ostrich feathers.

Then for a time they went out of fashion, only to become the rage again in 1918.

Queen Elizabeth played a big part in their present return to fashion by adding them to her wardrobe in 1946 for the Royal tour of South Africa.

The Queen's gowns featured the lovely plumes, and her hats were specially designed to show off the product which is so essentially South African.

Some of the designs recently submitted to her featured ostrich plumes for hats and evening dresses.

Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner, is using a process he calls "taming" ostrich feathers.

It is an old-fashioned treatment which Thaarup has revived. It gives the plumes a tailored look.

Thaarup mounts these tailored feathers on lightweight summer felts or puts them under layers of tulle for garden-party hats.

"The Queen loves ostrich feathers," Thaarup said, "and I am always experimenting to find new ways of using them for her."

Princess Elizabeth shares her mother's love of ostrich feathers. She chose many of the new "tamed" ostrich feathers as trimming for clothes made for her tour of Canada.

The ostrich-feather boom, which is a delight to farmers in South Africa, is a headache to London and Paris, where trained workers are scarce.

It takes five years to train an ostrich-feather worker, and the revival of the fashion has come at a time when there are few skilled people left.

Though the feathers are grown in South Africa, the dyeing and treatment are nearly all done in London or Paris.

Couturiers in both capitals have been using feather tips set close together as topeless bodices of evening dresses.

Milliners in Sydney who had looked ahead to the Royal visit to Australia say that a hat trimmed with ostrich feathers would cost up to £40.

The color pictures on these pages were taken at Highgate Farm, up from Capetown along the coast of South Africa, where for three generations the Hooper family have run ostriches.

GRADED FEATHERS. The dyed ostrich feathers (left) are graded at Highgate Farm, near Capetown, South Africa. Dusters are made from the smaller feathers.

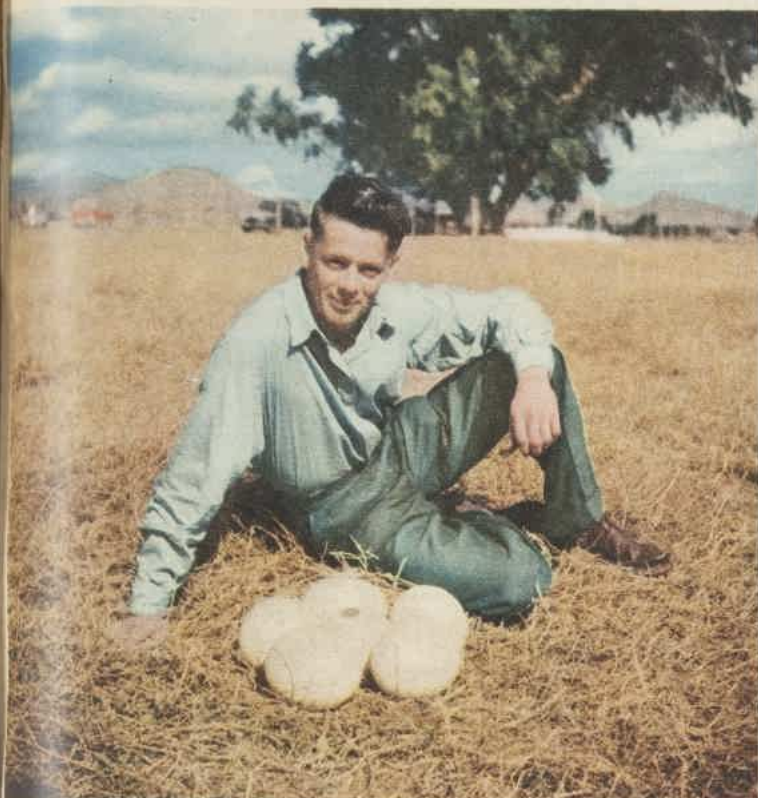


MEMBER of staff at Highgate Farm (left) shows the dyed feathers ready to be sent overseas to make fans or as trimming for evening frocks, capes, and hats and fans.

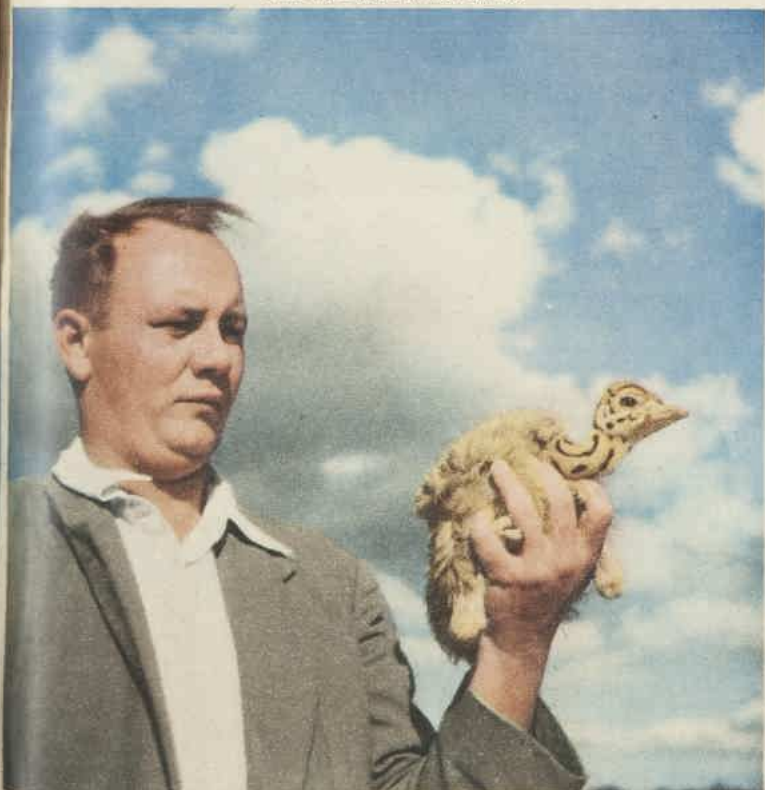
NATIVE farm hand (right) with the ostriches, which stand like sentinels in the kraal. A long hooked stick keeps them off when they get savage and go berserk.



Ostrich feathers are fashionable again. They are having their biggest boom since World War I.



ANSWER TO A HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER. With the high cost of living, most housewives would welcome ostrich eggs in place of hen eggs. The six ostrich eggs shown here could make a meal for more than 70 people. However, there's a catch! The strong flavor would not appeal to most palates.



JOHN HOOPER (above), owner of Highgate Farm, holds a week-old ostrich chick. Fully grown birds yield about 2lb. of feathers.

UNDYED FEATHERS are graded (right). The long feathers are used for fashion goods. The short ones go to make feather dusters.



IN THE FEEDING-PADDocks. Ostriches look like a troupe of classic ballet dancers when they step out to the feeding-paddocks after being clipped. Not only are their feathers used for fashion goods, but their skins are made up into handbags, shoes, purses, and wallets. Ostriches are unfriendly and apparently have an inferiority complex.



INTO THE CLIPPING-BOX. An ostrich is led into the clipping-box and its wing feathers are held up for cutting. Ostriches normally live for 40 years, but at Highgate they are killed at 15, as after this age the quality of their feathers goes off. Best-quality feathers are clipped every nine months. Seventy per cent. of the feathers go to the U.S. and Great Britain.



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Canadian Royal tour blueprint for Australia

Another glad welcome awaits young couple

From ANNE MATHESON, our special correspondent
on the Royal tour

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were at a concert at the Capital Theatre, Quebec, when the news was released that they would tour Australia next year instead of the King and Queen.

They had first attended the State dinner at the famous Chateau Frontenac.

AUSTRALIANS will follow with even greater interest the Royal tour of Canada, knowing that they will be seeing Elizabeth and Philip in person early next year.

It is certain, too, that the tumultuous welcomes extended by Canadians will be repeated in Australia, where everyone will appreciate the sacrifice of the Princess and her husband in leaving their young family so soon after their Canadian tour.

Cities and towns in Australia planning welcomes will study the Canadian programme with particular interest.

One of the most novel welcomes on the present tour will be given the Royal couple as their train climbs the famous Rocky Mountains.

Five "Jumping Jessies" of the Royal Canadian Air Force will drop from aircraft.

They have been training for weeks, floating through the clear blue skies above the Rockies and dropping to the ground in a setting of magnificent pine-clad peaks.

Many of these jumps would make strong men quake. But the nurses do them with the nonchalance of swimmers taking high dives.

Rescue training

THE five nurses, who are pioneers in a rescue training course of the Royal Canadian Air Force, are Jean Thomson, Luella MacDonald, Marian Neily, Muriel Beaton, and Anne Peden.

The girls' job is to parachute into the wreckage of air crashes, bringing medical supplies and nursing care to the injured.

When they graduate, they will be stationed at one of six parachute rescue posts stretched across Canada.

In addition to their parachute training they have done further rigorous courses that would make them backwoods-men if they wanted another career.

They have forded streams, climbed mountains, gone on long treks, some of them stretching over a week.

Red Indians have taught them canoeing down the rapids. They can build a lean-to out of the bark of trees, can flash distress signals for further help for their patients and wrecked aircraft if isolated.

For jumps such as they will make for the Royal couple the "Jessies" wear white padded

suits and blue and white helmets not unlike American football helmets, with masks completely hiding their faces.

The jumping kit weighs 65lb., and the harness is like a piece of mammoth iron corsetry.

Although the Royal tour is being made less strenuous because of the great strain the Princess has undergone, it will cover 18,000 miles, take 48 days, and include a two-day visit to the President of the United States, Mr. Truman, in Washington.

Meeting the people

MUCH of the programme originally planned has been cut, but most functions have been included because the Princess wants to meet as many Canadians as possible.

Elizabeth and Philip's one request was that they should attend the same engagements. Obviously they want to enjoy the entire tour together.

Citizens of French Canada were the first Canadians formally to greet the Princess and the Duke. In Quebec Princess Elizabeth made her first speech in faultless French when she acknowledged the toast of the Prime Minister of Quebec at the State dinner at the famous Chateau Frontenac at the end of her first day there.

Since the visit of the King and Queen in 1939, Canada has acquired new international importance. One result is that Princess Elizabeth met more than 40 diplomatic and consular representatives when she arrived in Ottawa, the national capital.

Among them was the Australian High Commissioner, Mr. Forde.

As they proceeded along the picturesque driveway to Lansdowne Park, where they were given a terrific welcome by schoolchildren, the Princess waved unceasingly to youngsters along the route.

After placing a wreath at the National War Memorial, the Princess went on to Rideau Hall, where her first Press reception was held.

In Britain, Royalty never meets the Press.

The bonds of love and kinship between Canada and the Royal Family were further strengthened when the Princess handed over to the National Gallery of Canada the carpet embroidered by her grandmother, Queen Mary, recently acquired for the Canadian people by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.



AFTER ATLANTIC FLIGHT, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are welcomed to Canada at Montreal by the Premier, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, before they joined the Royal train for Quebec.—Radiogram.

Elizabeth's lovely, clear, light voice was heard for the first time all over Canada when she made her first broadcast on Canadian soil from the State dinner at Government House in Ottawa. When she leaves she will broadcast her farewell address from Newfoundland. The Duke will broadcast from Toronto.

One of the features of the tour is its informality.

Royal etiquette is strictly observed, but the simple and genuine hospitality of the Canadian people ousts much of the stuff-shirt attitude of older countries.

One of the lighter moments of the tour will be the rodeo at Calgary, before which Elizabeth and Philip will ride in an old stage coach which carried mail in the Yukon gold-rush.



TWO generations of lovely women are obtaining velvety unblemished skins by using MERCOLIZED WAX under make-up and as a massage cream at night-time. It works for your skin every minute of the day and night. It stimulates, nourishes and purifies.

Mercolized wax
The improvement on face cream

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Which twin has the **Toni**

- AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?
(see answer below)



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The exciting thing after giving yourself a TONI, is that your hair feels so *soft*, every flowing wave gleaming with life! For your TONI waves really *feel* and *look* like naturally curly hair. And they stay that way month after month, through rain or shine, shampoo or shower. Best of all, your TONI will need no more care than naturally curly hair. Just run your comb through it... and it's lovely!

It's easy to give yourself a TONI—as easy as rolling your hair up in curlers! The exclusive Toni SPIN Curlers grip, spin and lock with a flick of the finger. They make even the shortest ends easy to manage and cut winding time in half.

• Mavis Busby, the twin at the right, has the TONI, and her sister, Aileen, an expensive salon perm! The next time Mavis needs a Toni, she can use her SPIN Curlers again—together with a Refill Kit!

Toni

HOME PERM with SPIN curlers

JUST LIKE NATURALLY CURLY HAIR



SPIN Curler Kit -
Standard Kit
Refill (whole head) -
Junior Refill (odd end cuts)

EXPERT ADVICE: If you have any waving or hair-styling problems, please write to the Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence St., Sydney.

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Le Gant "Free Lift"
Corselette No. A3988B,
average hip, medium
length, side slide fastener.
Sizes 33-40, in pink.

If you're a Lady Bountiful in curves, here's the corselette you've always craved! It's Le Gant's very newest American pattern and it's all control—from plush-lined shoulders to stocking holders! The lined satin front panel hides a floating midriff section that's a wonderful tummy flattener—with bones you can leave in or out! The firm elastic side and back panels whisk inches off waist and hips. And Warner's famous "Free Lift" bra section (in lovely nylon marquisette lace) moulds and separates to perfection . . . leaves you free as a teener to bend, twist and stretch. Be fitted at your favourite store!

WARNER'S Le Gant
Girdles Corselettes Bras

W.45.31

ANNABELLE



"I've got to stop and work now, dear. Ring again in about five minutes."

BUTCH



"Oh, I never worry about Butch. The police are always so nice about keeping an eye on him when he's out night."

It seems to me

THE Persian affair has provided a first-class subject of controversy for the parties contesting the British elections.

The Conservative Party, and indeed a great many British people of other parties, see the evacuation as the final humiliation in a long story of bungling.

"The Manchester Guardian" said in the course of critical comment, "The Government has nothing to put to its credit except that it kept out of actual bloodshed."

From a woman's point of view, that is an item on the credit side not to be disregarded.

Short-sighted it may be, but in the present state of the world many of us yet cling to the hope that by continuing to postpone war time may be gained to find some other solution.

The news of the explosion of an atomic bomb in Russia certainly does nothing to bolster this hope.

Yet, in the face of the fearful possibilities of another world war, every week or month of borrowed time seems—to a woman, anyhow—worthwhile.



Dorothy Drain

SPEAKING in Parliament, Mr. Calwell said, "There is only one word in the English language that describes this Budget adequately. That word is 'phantasmagorical.'"

The Oxford dictionary defines a phantasmagoria as "a shifting scene of phantasms or imaginary figures as seen in a dream or fevered condition or as called up by the imagination."

I think Mr. Calwell could have done better. After the first November payday there'll be nothing imaginary about the Budget.

THE Tasmanian Legislative Council has disallowed regulations which would have prevented anyone except commercial fishermen from taking crayfish in pots.

All citizens had a common right to the fish in the sea, said a member of the Council.

What a pity the fish couldn't be made to understand that, too.

THERE'S an old-established hotel in Sydney which has long had a reputation for unpretentious comfort as an eating place.

In recent months its menu has smartened up. Regular patrons, who knew the old menu off by heart, were torn between gratitude for the increased variety and nervousness lest too much modernisation might rob the place of its ancient charms. But they were reassured later by an item on the menu which suggested that however the hotel might change, diners will still know the precise value they're getting for their money.

It read: "Oyster soup, 2/6 (4 oysters)."

IF there's anyone in length and breadth of the Commonwealth doesn't know that the South Wales town of Young (pop. 4634) holding a Spring Carnival and Jubilee Fiesta month it is not the of the organiser, one William Gordon.

For some months his fellow-plotters have assiduously at getting into the newspapers. announced a Lady Gordon enactment, dropped later, but not before it had publicised the val very nicely. They proclaimed their of asking Mr. Churchill to open the by radio-telephone, and they talked of fight.

So last week when I received a letter the letterhead of the Young Spring Carnival signed by Mr. Gordon, its contents astonished me as much as they might have.

It began: "Thank you for your entry World Championship Ladies' Woodchop are now 23 entrants and one inquiry from bourne."

It would be churlish to ignore Mr. Gordon's little device for getting yet another into the Carnival into print, so I may as well that it begins on October 13 and, as it can disentangle fact from fiction, it is that there is indeed to be a ladies' woodchop among other attractions.

The only thing that marred his letter its ending. "Thanking the Youngness in which must have prompted your entry."

"Be Young in Heart" is naturally the Carnival's slogan. Not the best line to proach to a woman, though. Let me anyone who cares, I can chop wood as I ever could.

AT a temperance league convention in London earlier this month, a year-old doctor appealed to with British thrillers to stop featuring detectives who drink whisky continually.

The kind of detective story That is specially favored by me Is the kind where the sleuth twins glow In an aura of toast and tea.

Something set in an English manor Where the fellow who comes to pry Into who hit the corpse with a spanner Is frightfully old school tie.

It's a matter of taste, not conviction, If the suspects like liquor that's hard. They can drink it without my restraint. But it never would do for the Yard.

And if I should land on a thriller Whose hero's a hard-drinking tough, I feel that he hunts out the killer Not by deduction, but bluff.

The fact is, I find him so boring. The mystery to me in the case Is how, when his drinks he keeps pouring, He doesn't fall flat on his face.



DINNER-DANCE. Captain C. H. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks, of Naval Base Headquarters, Potts Point, at the Navy League dinner-dance at Princes. Highlight of the night was a Sailors' Hornpipe danced by Barbara Showers, Annette Dunlop, Susan Gai Watt, and Rosemary Turnbull.

Social Gittings

THE Australian Ambassador, Mr. Percy Spender, and his wife were among guests at the wedding in New York of former Sydney and Melbourne girl Judith Paterson to American brain specialist Dr. Charles Lee Randol.



QUEENSLAND WEDDING. Claude Pearson, of Toowoomba, and his bride, formerly Peggy Uitz, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Uitz, of Point Piper, leave Longreach Church.



WED IN ENGLAND. John Aspinwall and his bride, formerly Pamela Ledger, only daughter of Mrs. C. E. Ledger, of "Mullion," Yass, leave St. Martins-in-the-Field, London. John is the younger son of the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Aspinwall, England.

The marriage took place at St. Theresa's Church in the village of Briarcliffe Manor, 31 miles from New York City.

Judith's mother, Mrs. John Annesley, whose husband, Captain Annesley, commanded H.M.S. Victorious in World War II, and her grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Powell, of Toorak, Melbourne, flew over for the wedding.

A COCKTAIL suit of gold-and-white striped satin was worn by the bride. Her matron of honor, Mrs. Hal Hawley, formerly Elizabeth Watson, of Bowral, wore a moss-green velvet dress and matching hat.

The reception was held in the ballroom of the home of friends of Judith and Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, at "Beechwood," when Judith cut the 15lb. wedding cake flown specially from Australia.

Judith went to America three years ago to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Alan Tully, formerly Lady Kingsford Smith.

THE spectacular Hunt Ball in Dublin, where women in magnificent evening dress and men in scarlet hunting jackets danced reels and jigs until dawn, was highlight of June McAlister's trip to Ireland, according to her letters home. Her mother, Mrs. J. O. McAlister, of Manly, says June had a wonderful time at the Dublin Horse Show, and met fellow-Australians Pam and Jim Maple-Brown, Jock Cadell, Dudley Ross, and Judy Eakin there. After touring the Irish countryside, June is going on to Scotland for the famous "Gathering of the Clans."

MUCH excitement among all the Haslingden family at Cooma when Laddie (Bruce) Haslingden, of "Kelton Plains," was included in Australia's ski team for the winter Olympics at Oslo in February. The team, chosen by the Australian National Ski Federation, awaits approval of the Olympic Federation. Laddie, who won the Victorian Langlauf Championship at Falls Creek this year, is a member of the Langlauf team. The boys hope to get some ski training in Norway before Christmas.



HAPPY FOURSOME. Simone Pirene (left), Maz Raine, Keva McMahon, and Bob Cleland, who were in a large party hostessed by Mary Street at the Navy League dinner-dance. President of the League's Women's Auxiliary, Mrs. H. A. Showers, and Rear-Admiral Showers received the guests.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S. Graham Back and his bride, formerly Joan Baldock, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Joan is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baldock, Darling Point, and Graham only son of Mrs. A. F. Back, of Surrey, England.

TWO of Sydney's prettiest November brides will be Judy Marsland, who weds Tony Chisholm at St. Mark's on November 2, and Judy King, who marries Peter Hawley at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on November 7.

Judy is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Marsland, of Vaucluse, and Tony is eldest son of Mrs. James Sargood, of "Bond Springs," Alice Springs, and the late Mr. Roy Chisholm.

The young couple will live at Tony's property, "Napperby," 130 miles from Alice Springs.

Judy King will follow family tradition when her reception is held at the lovely old homestead of the Grace family, "Villa Igica," at Vaucluse.

Home of Judy's grandmother, Mrs. A. E. Grace, "Villa Igica" was the scene of wedding receptions of Mrs. Grace's three daughters, Mrs. Ken McCathie, Mrs. Beryl Ross, and Judy's mother, Mrs. R. M. King, of Vaucluse.

The young bride-to-be will have Janette King, Marilyn McCathie, Jan Solomon, and Judy Armstrong as bridesmaids, and her fiance, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hawley, of Vaucluse, will be attended by Ken Chapman.

JEWELS were important fashion news this week. In the heirloom class were Mrs. Vincent Fairfax's knotted lariat of pearls and diamonds; Mrs. Quentin Stanham's double row of topazes and pearls, and circle of sapphires and diamonds worn by Mrs. Oliver Iselin, who is here from New York for two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Downes, of Camden.



LOVELY GOWN. Scarlet chiffon embroidered in gold was worn by Jan Wilson, of "Moonamby," Mudgee, who attended the Navy League dinner-dance at Princes with Tim Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis. It was the first big naval dance held in Sydney for some years. Dance aided Sea Cadet Corps.



COMING-OF-AGE. Pam Humphries (centre) with Margaret Davidson, of Wollongong, and Peter Maegrath at Pam's 21st birthday party at the Club Commodore. Pam is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Humphries, of Muswellbrook.

BRIEFLY . . . Peter and Coral Glanville, of "Tresco," Griffith, will call their firstborn, a daughter, Maret . . . after honeymooning in Adelaide, Peter and Lois White are settling into their home at "Canaroo," Moree . . . three weeks' honeymoon at Coolangatta for Keith and Alma Osborne after their marriage at St. Paul's, Burwood.

ALREADY planning for the Melbourne Cup and its parties next month is Melbourne lass Winsome Dayne, who hopes her fiance, Harold Bishop, can fly down from his property, "Bando," Gunnedah, for the Derby Eve Ball. Winsome has been staying with Harold's mother, Mrs. F. E. Bishop, of Wahroonga.

Anne

NEW! ANGEL FACE

**Sensational new make-up . . .
Goes on without water! . . . and stays!**

by
POND'S

*New!
Not a cake make-up—
No water! Not drying!*

Easier to apply! No wet sponge—no greasy fingertips! Just smooth on Angel Face with its own downy puffet. You'll love its glamorous finish—softer than cake make-up—and *not* drying!

*New!
Stays on longer
than powder*

You don't need foundation cream with Angel Face! A smoothing "cling" ingredient is pressure fused right into it! That's why Angel Face goes on so evenly. . . stays on so angelically.

*New!
Can't spill in your handbag*

You can carry your Angel Face *everywhere*—use it *anywhere*. It doesn't spill over your bag or clothes. Isn't greasy or messy. Doesn't need water, foundation or loose powder. Angel Face is a perfect complete make-up for your handbag.

Society Beauties say:

"Angel Face is the make-up women dream about! A foundation base and powder together—all in one compact box. It tints my skin with a lovely, soft color, and stays hand-box fresh for hours. Angel Face is so tidy to carry, too. It never spills in my handbag."

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

"This lovely new make-up of Pond's is simply wonderful! Angel Face is so easy to use, and stays on for hours! I love the way it goes on without water—no wet sponge. I have two Angel Faces—one for home—one for my handbag. It's always ready to use, and so flattering."

MRS. LAWRENCE W. EARLE

"Pond's Angel Face is such marvellous make-up I don't know how I ever got along without it. No water! No messy sponge. And no greasy fingertips. I carry Angel Face with me always. It never spills over my handbag or clothes, and is ready to use at a moment's notice."

MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT

Angel Face has its own downy-soft puffet. 5 angel-sweet shades. At better beauty counters everywhere.



SPECIAL

FUN-AND-FUNCTION COURSE DESIGNED FOR HOME USE

3 DAY

Beauty Plan

● Here is a tentative plan for a holiday from routine. Its purpose is to refresh and revive you physically and mentally, and the chief ingredient in it is your determination to set aside seventy-two hours in which to make a new woman of yourself.

YOU are a conscientious wife and mother, and you wouldn't change places with anyone. Still, seven days out of seven, week after week, you follow a routine—clean the house, cook the meals, tend the children—with little change of pace or scene. Or perhaps you are a woman with a job and become submerged in work that rolls in as relentlessly as ocean waves.

Your looks, conversation, and spirit lose their freshness. You seem to have mislaid your real personality and have a nagging feeling that you could be much more alive, adventurous, and attractive than you are this minute. You sigh and think: "If I had the time . . ."

This is our answer. Take three days for yourself—three free, undutiful days in which to rehabilitate your looks.

How do you get the time? You deliberately arrange for it. Don't ask us for a blueprint on this; it's a decision that each person must make for herself and what you do depends on how you live and work. As a suggestion, organise ahead so that chores are reduced to a minimum, have older children take over responsibilities, put off and push aside everything you can to leave three days free. You may

be able to utilise a long week-end.

In these pages we have sketched the tentative plan; you may vary it in any way you like. In the hours available do what you want to do most. Go places or loaf; play the piano or get out those paints; find out what modern poetry is about; visit a museum or interesting spot you've always wanted to see; take daily walks carrying a camera, and come back with a pictorial record of your home ground.

In other words, make your own road map for happy self-expression. But do save several hours of quiet and privacy each day to perfect your looks. For, as every woman knows, when you look your best, tension vanishes and the world is a friendlier place.

By way of preparation, make a list of what you'd like to do in three days. Collect books and magazines you want to read, records you want to hear. Plan for an evening out, perhaps a concert, play, or movie—anything pleasant and out of the ordinary routine. Get together the things you need for a beauty spree. To the cosmetics you usually use add some small sizes in different colors for home experiments.

Woo the right frame of mind, too. When you are happy and full of confidence the mind works better, ideas come more easily, the skin is clearer, eyes brighter, and the hair is healthier. So, for these three days at least, no bursts of temper, no fretting.

And just before you go to sleep set the mood for tomorrow: think of the loveliest day of your life.

(This feature, exclusive to us in Australia, is the property of the National Magazine Co. Ltd.)



MEASURE OF BEAUTY (right). There are no set standards for pretty proportions; good figures come in a variety of shapes. But there are limits. So get out the tape-measure and make a note of how you measure up.

Home routines to make you beautiful

1st DAY

... And now begins our short-term improvement programme aimed at putting you back into the beauty ranks. Everyone who suspects that she is not making the most of herself is represented, so here's to your good looks, better health, brighter outlook.



1—9 A.M. There is no strident alarm clock to-day. You sleep as long as you like and wake up refreshed (above). Enjoy the luxury of a big yawn, because it's good for the throat and jaw muscles. So open your mouth wide, yawn . . . and yawn again.



2—Stretch both arms and breathe deeply. Push your heels down as far as you can, alternately stretching right and left legs. Now stretch all the body—arms, legs, back, and neck. S-t-r-e-t-c-h full length.



3—Time to get out of bed. Don't just roll out, make this a beauty exercise. With arms at sides, spring to a sitting position, using those middle muscles to reach the upright. No elbow help as you rise, please.



4—Fling back the covers. Swing both feet over the side of the bed. Be sure to do this in one motion. Balancing on outstretched arms, make big circles, with feet held together, first to the left and then to the right.



5—Using your leg muscles, lift yourself upright. With arms overhead, stretch again from toes to fingertips. Bend as far, first to one side and then the other, as waist muscles permit. Then to the bathroom.



6—Step on the scales, if you have them, to check weight; wash your hands and face, use mouthwash. No need to brush your teeth unless you want to. Brush them after breakfast—after all meals—for best results.



7—Comb your hair, rub cream or lotion on your hands, color your lips lightly, and don a pretty jacket. Then have breakfast on a tray near a sunny window. Have a radio breakfast, if you feel so disposed.

Know your own figure

The group of exercises shown at the right will keep your figure lithe and make you feel full of vim.

DO them straight or to music, or chant a rhyme like "Jack and Jill Went up the Hill."

You will dress more becomingly and have more will-power if you know and admit the facts about your figure.

Begin about 10 a.m. and check your weight and proportions to see how you shape up.

How much should you weigh?

IF you are small-boned, with narrow shoulders and small rib-cage and hipbones, start with 100 pounds for five feet of height and add five pounds for each additional inch.

If you are medium-boned, start with 105 pounds for five feet in height, and add five pounds for each additional inch.

If you have a heavy frame, with wide shoulders and large trunk, start with 110 pounds, and add five pounds for each extra inch.

If you are between 16 and 25, subtract one pound for each year under 25.

Take your measure THERE are no set standards for pretty proportions. Good figures come in several types, but there are limits.

This is how to go about the job of measuring.

BOSOM: To get your chest measure, slip tape round you under the arms and above the breasts. Now lower it and draw it lightly across the centre of the breasts. This measurement should be two or three inches more than the chest.

WAIST: Be honest; don't pull the tape tightly. Your waist should measure at least eight inches less than your bust; if you are tall, nine to ten inches is better.

HIPS: Place the tape over the largest circumference. Hips should not measure over two inches more than the bust, but if the bosom is small, the hips may be three inches larger.

THIGH: Take this measurement at the biggest part of the leg. It should be from 18 to 22 inches—the lower figure if you are small-boned, the higher if you have a large frame. Girth is not so important as smooth, firm lines.

CALF AND ANKLE: Trim ankles measure from seven-and-a-half inches, for small and slight, to nearly nine, for the Venus type. But it's the taper from calf to ankle that counts. A five-inch difference is ideal. If you are small, you may have a little less taper; if you are big, a little more.

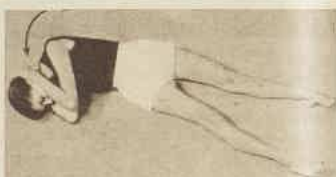
EXERCISES FOR A PRETTIER SHAPE



FOR GOOD THROAT, neck, and shoulders, sit leaning forward from hips; pull up the back of your neck. Then, keeping head and neck in line, slowly push your neck back. Don't tip head up, keep chin level. Ten times.



TO CORRECT flabby upper arms (above), hold arms shoulder-high in front of you—palms up, fingers together, thumbs out. Then rapidly turn palms down and back again twenty times, with the movement all the way from the shoulders. You'll feel lazy muscles work before long.



TO BANISH FAT on upper back, lie with legs apart, head off floor, hands clasped behind it, elbows close together. Turn upper torso to one side and down to the elbow; roll across upper back, down to opposite elbow. Twenty times with increasing vim.



TO LIFT the bosom, sit cross-legged on floor, bend forward, and permit ribs to drop. Now place hands on lower ribs, and firmly lift ribs a good two inches.



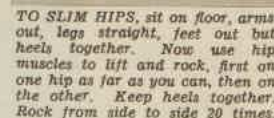
FOR A SLENDER WAIST, stand with feet apart, left arm over head, right arm down. Bend to right at waist. Reverse arms, bend left. Repeat 15 times.



TO KEEP ankles trim and strong, sit with feet in pigeon-toed position (above). Raise feet off floor, tap toes on floor; now tap heels. Repeat ten times. Clue is to keep the toes together and hold heels far apart.



TO FLATTEN your abdomen (above), lie on floor with legs straight, arms overhead, a book on your middle. Now carefully raise right arm and left leg until hand touches the leg—just above the knee for beginners. Lower slowly without disturbing the book. Repeat with alternate legs and arms 20 times. Why the book? To train the abdominal muscles to lie flat.



TO SLIM HIPS, sit on floor, arms out, legs straight, feet out but heels together. Now use hip muscles to lift and rock, first on one hip as far as you can, then on the other. Keep heels together. Rock from side to side 20 times.



FOR SLIM LEGS, firm thighs, lie on left side with arm under head, right arm bracing you in front. Keeping knees straight, rapidly swing legs back and forth from hips, scissors fashion. Repeat 20 times on each side.

LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!

Give your hair this exciting
new beauty treatment . . .

Vaseline^{MARK} LIQUID SHAMPOO

Thrilling new highlights . . .

The first time you use this exciting new shampoo you'll see your hair gleam with a new silken sheen . . . glisten with thrilling new highlights.

You'll be amazed and delighted by "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo's "Wonder Foam" lather—a thick foam of tiny active bubbles. You'll discover—as so many others have done—that this is a new kind of lather . . . one which penetrates so thoroughly, so gently, cleaning away all dirt and dandruff as it beautifies your hair.

Hair sets easier . . . Your hair sets easier, feels softer and "springier". Sets simply last and last . . . new waves truly ripple from your brush. You'll find the "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed . . . perfect for normal, oily, dry or water-fast dead hair.

Try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo right away. Once you do you'll never use any other method . . . or want any other shampoo.

At all chemists and stores.



"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Claukenburgh Manufacturing Co. Cons'd.



Ordinary shampoos, even the most expensive of them, leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It leaves your hair clean—full of sheen.



Try the "WONDER FOAM" lather after your next swim

Thousands of Australian women have found "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo solves their after-swim shampoo problem. The "Wonder Foam" lather penetrates so

thoroughly it removes every trace of salt water and tiny sand grains from your hair. Leaves it soft, gleaming and easy to handle. Try it after your next swim.



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Cream-Type
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in unique
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IN FIVE COLOR HARMONY SHADES
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Creates new glamorous beauty . . .
instantly . . . miraculously. Your complexion
looks new, flawless, fascinatingly clear
and beautiful. Your skin feels soft,
refreshed, unbelievably smooth. Pan-Stik
is so easy and quick to apply, so light,
so long-lasting, so wonderfully convenient.
Pan-Stik is so completely different
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You'll love it from the very first make-up.

SEND FOR THIS UNUSUAL OFFER TODAY!

Fill in carefully the information chart below and Max Factor will send
FREE your own Color Harmony Make-Up Chart, plus the 32-page
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COMPLEXION		YES	NO	HAIR	NOSE
Light	Dark	Blue	Dark	Light	Dark
Fair	Dark	Green	Dark	Light	Dark
Medium	Dark	Brown	Dark	Light	Dark
Dark	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark
Deep	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark
Dark	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark
Dark	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark
Dark	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark
Dark	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark
Dark	Dark	Black	Dark	Light	Dark

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MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

As easy to use as your lipstick!



Apply a few
light strokes to
forehead, nose,
cheeks and
chin.



With fingertips,
smooth evenly
over entire face
and throat.



Your complexion
looks soft,
smooth, natural,
feels gloriously
refreshed.



Easily tucked
away for any
expected make
up need.

AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Take a friction bath



11 a.m. Before you step
into the tub, take a minute to
look yourself over carefully.
Elbows, legs, heels, feet can
be brought into line with extra
cream, pumice, and wax.

Make a good, soapy bath;
using a bath brush, scrub your-
self all over from neck to toes.
Rinse under cool water or
shower. Towel vigorously;
cream elbows, legs, heels (pic-
ture top right).

Like to have a massage? You
can do a fair job with your
own hands, kneading the roll
of flesh you may have put on
above the waist (picture far
right). Pinch firmly from
waistline up to each armpit.

Use a hard, wringing move-
ment on ankles and legs (pic-
ture lower right). Pummel
thighs, hips, and buttocks.

Stretch each toe and circle
it (picture lower right). Then
dig deeply into the pad at the
base of toes.



GOOD EATING

Discriminating eating is one of the delights of life, so during these three days try to
choose new dishes or food you relish but don't have too often. If, more than anything,
you want to lose a bit of weight, here is a suggested menu for the first day.

BREAKFAST

1 Apple
1 Egg (Scrambled)
1 Slice Toast
Cup Milk, Tea, or Coffee

LUNCH

Cheese and Celery Sandwich
(2 Slices Bread)
1 Pear
Cup Milk, Tea, or Coffee

DINNER

Grilled Chop
Mashed Potato (1 Table-
spoonful)
Cabbage, Cauliflower, or Carrots
Diced Pineapple, Tea or Coffee

Treat yourself to a facial

5 p.m. It's refreshing and relaxing. It
brightens muddy or sluggish skin,
heightens color, smooths dry skin,
makes a tired face look younger.

Have it at a salon if you like, or do it
at home this way. Have ready a headband,
bowl of ice cubes in water, absorbent cotton-
wool, cotton-wool dabs or squares, cleansing
cream, facial mask, skin freshener, lubricat-
ing cream, and tissues. Follow routine
shown in these pictures.



1. Tie a cotton band or
towel to protect your
hair. Then remove
lipstick and press a
hot towel over your
face for one minute.

2. Stroke on cleansing
cream, covering face
and neck thoroughly.
Give it a minute to
take hold; then wipe
with tissues.



3. Pour a generous
amount of skin fresh-
ener on cotton-wool
and use it to clean off
any traces of cream.

4. Now spread on a
good facial mask. Lie
down and put cotton-
wool moistened with
eye lotion over eyes.

5. Rinse off the mask
and spread on lubrica-
ting cream; stroke
throat upwards. Re-
peat all around neck.

6. With thumb and
forefinger, lightly
pinch along the jaw
line from chin to ear.
Circle in front of ear.



7. Circle at mouth
corners six times; then
make sweeping strokes
up and out over
cheeks. Circle at nose.

8. With two fingers,
starting at the outer
eye corners, lightly tap
under eyes. Stroke
over laugh lines.

9. With both hands,
stroke from centre
forehead outward six
times. Then massage
from brows to hairline.

10. Now dip cotton
wool in ice water
moisten with skin
lotion, place over face
and neck. Rest briefly.

2nd DAY

10 a.m. Don't dawdle over your exercises, for you have a lot to do this morning. And leave massage until later in the day—maybe just before you go to bed. To-day, as you often must, you are combining shampoo, bath, and manicure in one big, active session.

10.15 a.m. Remove all old nail polish. Then file your nails—toenails, too. It's easier to do when your nails are dry and hard. If you use a clipper to trim toenails, be sure to file them afterwards, so that the edges are absolutely smooth and safe for nylons.

10.25 a.m. Brush your hair vigorously to loosen scalp scale. Then rub in a foam of your favorite cream or liquid shampoo, applying it with a brush if you have dandruff. Rinse, suds again, and then rinse perfectly.

10.40 a.m. Roll up your wet mop in a towel, and take a steam bath. Cream your face, toss a handful of bath salts into the tub, and draw water as

Take a steam bath



AT 10.25 a.m. brush, shampoo, and rinse your hair in accordance with given directions.



AT 10.40 a.m. take your steam bath. Remove towel from hair before leaving bath.

warm as you can take it. Make a bubbly suds, and relax in it for five minutes, keeping the water hot. Perspiration will burst out on your face, giving it a good inside-out cleansing. When you leave the tub, towel hard and quickly, and slush yourself all over with cologne.

10.55 a.m. Tissue off the face cream, and pat your skin with cotton-wool dampened with skin freshener.

10.57 a.m. Set your hair in the new style you want to try.

11.10 a.m. While your hair dries, push back the cuticle on fingers and toes; it will still be soft and pliable from your steam bath. Then, as you have plenty of time, try at least three different shades of polish to see which is most flattering.

As you lacquer all twenty nails, do observe how much prettier and better groomed they look when coated with glowing polish. Few bare nails are perfect enough to stand comparison with them. While the paint hardens, rest and day-

dream or listen to music. Or read a new book: a classic you've never read or have forgotten, such as a play by Shakespeare; or a book you read in childhood but didn't quite appreciate, like "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Water Babies."

11.50 a.m. Treat hands and arms to smoothing lotion or cream, feet to powder or foot balm. Then continue to rest and read until it is time to comb your hair, dress, and fix your face for luncheon.



AT 10.57 a.m. comb and set hair styling.



AT 11.10 a.m. groom and lacquer hands and nails.

This afternoon you might . . .

- Write a jingle for each member of your family, describing his or her talent or most endearing quality, to be used as place cards for a special dinner.

- Start a screen composed of colorful pictures of vegetables and flowers collected from seed catalogues.

- Visit a music shop and listen to some records you've never heard before.

- Look at all the modern paintings in the local art gallery, or at reproductions of them in your public library. You may think you don't like them, but they may become an engrossing new interest.

- Go to your favorite perfume counter, to decide what perfume you really like best in case your husband wants to know what you'd like for Christmas. You might buy some toilet water yourself.

trate on achieving symmetry and pleasant curves. Or practise the fine hair-like strokes that make eyebrow-fixing undetectable. Soon your hand will be so sure that it can't make a bad line.

Your best colors

4 p.m. In your best colors you feel happier, better dressed. So let's find out what's most becoming to you. Collect clothes, scarves, draperies, even colored paper, in as many different colors as you can. Take off all make-up. In daylight, drape one after another near your face, and study its effect. Does it dull or brighten your eyes? Does it enhance your hair? Above all, what does it do to your skin—make it seem sallow? Muddy? Too red? Or clear and lovely? A good color

To-day's food

BREAKFAST
Half Grapefruit
Poached Egg
1 Slice Toast, Thinly
Buttered.
Cup of Milk, Tea, or Coffee

LUNCH
Sliced Meat and Cucumber
Sandwich (2 Slices Bread)
Celery
Cup Milk, Tea, or Coffee

DINNER
Grilled or Baked Fish
Mashed Potato (1 table-
spoonful)
Grilled Tomato, Green Peas
Stewed Apple and Junket
Tea or Coffee

may be too strong to wear much of, or perhaps it unkindly emphasises size. Try a small spot of it in a flower or a scarf to make a sober outfit exciting.

Design for conversation

EVER watched a couple sit bored and silent through a restaurant dinner, and thought they must be married? If you yourself bore your husband with trite remarks and dull, household chit-chat, try deliberately planting the seeds of pleasant talk. Make notes of what you have been doing, whom you've seen, who asked about him, any amusing anecdote or interesting news. At the last minute take a peek at your notes. Then treat him as somebody very special. He is, you know. Tell him he looks mighty handsome to-day; he likes compliments, too. When he talks, listen; think about what he is saying; don't let your mind or your eyes stray.

Husbands apart, you might well brood a bit about your social I.Q. Are you a rewarding guest and versatile hostess? Do your opinions carry weight? See if you can make your conversation more interesting. Study current news.

Women are raving about amazing new 'Enamelon' that makes Cutex NAIL BRILLIANCE chip less, wear better, look brighter, than any other polish.



HERE'S THRILLING NEWS . . . the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called 'Enamelon,' found only in fabulous Cutex Nail Brilliance. It gives incredible wear, lasts longer, and chips less.

Here, too, is a new conception of colour—a wonderful range of fabulous high-fashion shades that hold their original lustre even after constant wearing. Try Cutex today!



CUTEX
NAIL BRILLIANCE
stays lovelier longer
resists chipping, flaking and peeling.

Beauty doodling

DO you doodle during a long telephone conversation? Next time, forget your usual scribbles and perfect your beauty drawing. Beginning at the centre, as you do when you put on lipstick, draw lips like those sketched on the memo pad below. Concen-



WRITE a jingle.



MAKE a colorful screen.



LISTEN to new recordings.



VISIT an art gallery.



CONSIDER new perfumes.



SKETCH perfect liplines.



MAKE a clothes color test.

stop thinking
about shrinking
with

ANTI-SHRINK
fabrics
by **POTTER'S**



WONDERFULLY COOL
and thoroughly washable . . . the
unsurpassed beauty and pre-tested
qualities of Potter's Anti-shrink
fabrics are known and prized
by fashion-wise women everywhere.

CANNOT SHRINK
CANNOT STRETCH
CANNOT FADE
EASY TO WASH
EASIER TO DRY
EASIEST TO IRON

**SOLD BY THE YARD AND IN FROCKS BY STYLECRAFT ★ VAN ROTH ★
STYLIST ★ YOUNGER FASHIONS BY COLBURN ★ BLOUSES BY DAWN**

Consider your hair-do

★ Making your top-knot more interesting and becoming is part of this lively beauty programme.

Study the easy-to-manage, versatile hair-dos shown on this page for inspiration. "Fledgling" is a triumph for abbreviated summer locks because it is suitable for several hair lengths, allowing for wide variety of styles. Success of this cut depends on careful tapering of hair strands.

Brought to Australia by M. Max, of Antoine of Paris, "Fledgling" is effective on naturally wavy, lightly permed, or straight hair.

After home shampooing, sport, or swimming, "Fledgling" falls naturally into smooth feather ends.

Feminine as a ruffle, it is easily kept groomed simply by combing.

"Change-about" is another two-way short cut.



LONGER-LINE, basic "Fledgling" (above) is short in front and at sides, follows head contour in a lengthening line towards the back. Soft curling feathers frame the face and neckline.

MINIMUM-LENGTH hair is brushed away from the face, then forward, and tucked under to give the half-bang-effect "Fledgling" shown at the right.



SHORT-MEDIUM glamor "Fledgling," featured above, shows what happens when flat-curl setting is brushed up and back from the forehead and pushed into slight waves. Neckline hair is whisked upwards at back.



SWATHED half way across the back, the sophisticated version of longer-length "Fledgling," above, has feathered ends bunched towards one side and caught with a comb.



MEDIUM-LONG hair is about right for evening-out "Fledgling" (above). Line is achieved by brushing hair forward and folding the ends under for a sleek look.



"CHANGE-ABOUT" is a hairstyle becoming to many faces. In the version above left, loose swirls are brushed up and back to massed curls. From a smooth crown a burst of thick curls provides back interest. The same head at the right looks different set in close half curls.



Superb masterpiece of Francois Coty

The world's most original and exciting perfume... breathing an atmosphere of mystery and subtle enchantment... for the dark, serene beauty of the sophisticated with a magnificent dress sense.

Compounded by an entirely new process from the rarest oils and rarest flowers, Chevre has the classical quality of retaining its note, however subtle it is diffused. In a new setting of crystal and gold, emerald and pearl.



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"Aldon" Face Powder—4/11. Liquid Brilliance—4/6

COTY



loveliness

at your

fingertips

Peggy Sage offers you
20 BEWITCHING COLOURS

The smooth spreading magic of Peggy Sage polish lends jewel-like lustre to your nails—a lustre that lasts. And this proud aristocrat of polishes comes in a dazzling array of subtly lovely colours—one to match your every mood & costume.

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Peggy Sage Hand Massage Cream
Hand Smoother and Softener Cream
Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream
Hand Lotion Douquet
Polish Remover Cuticle Remover
Manicure Oil Satinbase Polishshield



1950

3rd DAY

THIS is the last day of your holiday from humdrum, so make every minute count. Think of what you most want to do, and be sure to do it. Try to do something new today, even if it is only listening to a radio programme you've never heard before. Above all, enjoy yourself.

10 a.m. It's been said before—it can't be said too often—that the way you carry yourself for sixteen hours daily is infinitely more important than the best special exercises conscientiously practised for half an hour. A good carriage is graceful, and for this reason alone worth all your effort to achieve. Also, it provides the best kind of figure control as you pursue everyday activities. If your weight is normal, and your life reasonably active, good posture ensures a good figure. If you can, have an expert instructor help you with your posture. Or practise pretty poses that are good for your figure.

As a beginning, make the mirror test shown at right.

A lesson in grace



STAND sideways on to a mirror without making any effort at perfect carriage for this quick figure test.

FOR PRETTIER form turn hands and arms slightly outward. Lift your ribs up and hold head back.

FOOD CHART

BREAKFAST
Stewed Apple Boiled Egg
1 Slice Thinly Buttered Toast
Cup Milk, Tea or Coffee

LUNCH
2oz. Cheese, 2-4 Sna Biscuits
thinly buttered and spread with
Vegemite Serving Celery
1 Slice Pineapple
Cup Milk, Tea or Coffee

DINNER
Cup Clear Soup Grilled or Baked Hamburger
Mashed Potato (1 tablespoonful), Mashed Swede, Serving Spinach
Stewed Pears with Passionfruit Tea or Coffee



1. Sitting. Place a chair before a mirror and sit on it without thinking how you do it. Did you land on it with a thump or gingerly?
2. Try it this way. Standing near the seat, place one foot slightly behind the other, bend knees, and lower yourself gracefully.
3. Now slump in the chair with your back rounded and ribs resting on your waist. Ageing, ugly, and slouchy, isn't it?
4. Instead, sit with your back against the chair, head up comfortably. See how much more youthful you look in this position.



5. Standing. Do you flaunt your hips? Try to squeeze through a slightly open door. Note how figure falls into line and hold it.
6. Stand with feet apart, shoulders relaxed, ribs raised. Now turn thighs and knees outward. Memorise the feel of this position.
7. Downstairs. Can you descend a flight of stairs easily? Turn a bit sideways and place feet at a slight slant as you go down.
8. Upstairs. Lift one knee at a slight slant, place foot securely on step, and incline body forward slightly. Now straighten front knee.



9. Do you always sit with crossed knees? Occasionally it's restful but if persisted in too much may lead to broader hips and flabby thighs. Remember that most of the time it is better to sit with your feet on the floor, or cross your ankles with legs slanting a little.
10. How do you retrieve a dropped earring or push the vacuum cleaner? See how ugly it looks when you flop over from the waist.
11. Do it this way. Place one foot slightly behind the other, bend your knees, and sink to a squat. Then rise by leg power alone.

BEAUTY TALK

By Beauty Adviser
MARGARET LAMOND



PAT FIRMAN, one of Sydney's beautiful models, tells a secret: "I've just changed to wonderful new Colinated Shampoo, and it's amazing. My hair is now so silky-soft and shining!"

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HAIR SILKY-SOFT AND SHINING

PAT FIRMAN'S hair is a joy to look at, wavy, Margaret Lamond, so silky-soft and shining, now she uses new Colinated Foam Shampoo—and yours can be, too. The secret is to shampoo your hair regularly, at least once a week. Anything less is just not good enough if you really want your hair to look natural and glamorous. I definitely recommend using a shampoo, and a good shampoo. Even the most expensive soaps leave a dulling film that hides the natural beauty of your hair. And if you take my advice you'll never trust your precious hair to anything but new Colinated Foam Shampoo. You may have heard of liquid, synthetic products called "soaps" shampoo. They were made because the hard water in England and America makes it difficult to get a lather, even with super-creamed soaps. These synthetic shampoos dry out the hair, robbing it of natural oils so necessary for healthy, radiant hair. Fortunately, we don't need anything synthetic here, because in Australia the water is soft—easy to lather. That's why marvellous, new Colinated Foam Shampoo is so ideal for our conditions, and it contains a hair-conditioner to keep your hair healthy and shining however much you may expose it to sun and winds. I don't know of any other shampoo as kind to your hair as new Colinated Foam.

LOVELY TEENAGER TELLS HAIR SECRET



VIVACIOUS teenage model, Valerie May, says: "My favourite hobbies, swimming and skating, were drying out my hair until I tried new Colinated Foam Shampoo. Now it is beautifully soft and healthy again." Why let your hair become dry and dull. Change to new Colinated Foam Shampoo and you'll love the extra shine it gives your hair. And nine glamorous shampoos from a bottle is the best value anywhere. Get a bottle to-day.

Margaret Lamond

P.S.—The new hair-conditioner in new Colinated Foam Shampoo keeps your hair healthy and shining, and it is a dandruff solvent as well.

Making funny faces for beauty

10.30 a.m. As a child you made faces for fun. Make them now for beauty.

First do this for softer, paler hands and arms: Rub on lemon juice and leave it on for 15 minutes. Then slick on some cream. Leave it on for 15 minutes.

While the cream works, do some face exercises in the privacy of bathroom or bedroom.

It is not necessary to carry out all the exercises illustrated at the right and below. As a suggestion, you might like to make eye-cupping the day-by-day standby, and add to it two or three other movements, depending upon requirements.



OPEN the mouth wide; then, resisting strongly, slowly close it. Pretend a suspended apple is hanging in front of your face, and try to bite it. Good for clear-cut neck and jaw.

CLOSE your lips tightly and chew as if you had a big mouthful. You might even have a double wad of gum and switch it from one side to the other. This helps to keep the jaw-line firm.

FOR smooth, unlined lips with upturned corners, grin widely. Then let your lips close softly and naturally. Repeat exercise, smiling slightly. Especially good for drooping corners.



TO prevent or soften lines that bracket nose and mouth, puff out cheeks, place finger in front of lips, and blow air against it, puffing out cheeks.

TO REST your eyes and to help ward off wrinkling of lids, roll your eyes. Without moving your head, look way up, then north-west, to the side, south-west, way down, the east side, north-east, and way up again.

STICK out your tongue and do your best to reach the end of your nose with it. It's unexpectedly tiring and doesn't look too pretty, but it will help you to ward off those loose-skinned chin and loose-skinned neck.

CUP your eyes in your hands and in the deep dark imagine you see a heap of shiny black coal. Then let a black kitten scramble up and sit on top of the coal. This is fine for strained, tired eyes, helps relax tension.

THE bad habit of tightening the lips makes you look peevish and cranky. Sucking in the lower lip gives the impression of selfish stubbornness. Break these habits by puckering lips softly, pretending to blow bubbles.

Create a pretty face

11 a.m. Designing your public face is a complicated business involving many questions about what to use and how to use it. What's more, no decision holds forever, because you change, and so does fashion. As a rule, your life is too full to give this any more than sporadic attention, but today you can devote a thoughtful hour to testing, comparing, improving. And no hour you spend will repay you more prettily.

Fairness is in fashion, but choose the shade that gives the illusion of creamy, even color as near your own as possible; never select one that looks too tawny or too chalky to be true.

Spread on the foundation you have chosen. Be miserly; the sheerest veil gives the best effect. Then experiment with powder tones—perhaps a shade lighter or rosier than your base. Look for the softness, delicacy, and depth a well-chosen powder can give your skin.

What foundation?

TO find out if a liquid or a cake, a creamy or a dry, make-up base will do for you, do half your face with one type, half with the other. Screen off one side, and with a critical eye view each side by itself.

Try out two shades at a time by the half-face method, too.

Lips and eyes

TRY a wide variety of lipstick colors. Collect all your old ones; perhaps buy a few shades of an inexpensive kind to try just for color. Check them with different hats, suits, scarves. You'll find you need at least three shades—one in the newly smart golden red.

Have you been too timid to try the exciting new eye make-up? Do it now. Draw a line with pencil at the roots of the upper lashes of one eye, extending it upwards a tiny bit at the corner. Compare the effect with the naked eye. Does it look larger, more interesting?

Then try shadow: green or blue-green for brown eyes; blue, grey, or green for blue or grey eyes. Which shade do you like best? Don't be afraid to mix two tones—green and blue, grey and green, grey and blue. Or place a darker shadow along the lashes, and smooth a lighter one above it from the centre of the lid outward.

Mascara is flattering to almost everyone, particularly when applied more heavily on the outer lashes. Black is usually a good shade, but redheads and blondes may like the softer brown.



WE HAVE charted your way to better grooming and looks, but your choice of perfume is a personal affair. There is no single recipe for fragrance... look for the one that spells luxury for you.

Unless you have eyebrows perfect in shape, color, and length, experiment with a soft black or brown eye-pencil. Always draw fine, short strokes, curving up and out like the real hairs.

What to do this afternoon

TRY on all your clothes with the accessories—shoes, bag, hat, scarf, gloves, and jewellery—that make the most of each outfit. List what you need to liven up an old suit, give that perfect touch to a new one.

Take out your flower books and seed catalogues, and plan next summer's garden. On paper, move shrubs, plot a prettier path, a gayer terrace. Arrange a game of tennis or golf; take a dip in the sea or go for a walk if you feel like it.

Plan to redecorate the room you like least in your house. Shop for paint color cards and fabric samples to carry out

the idea. Follow Queen Mary's example and start a hand-made rug.

5 p.m. Take your facial slowly; enjoy the stirring contrast of heat and cold, the velvety feel of creams, the quickening of astringent. When you are done, your skin will be rose-petal fresh.

5.30 p.m. Take a lap-of-luxury kind of bath. Have the water just the right temperature, use your favorite scented soap, bubbles, bath salts, or bath oil; revel in them as long as you like. Dry with a cloud-soft towel; finish with a mist of powder and a spray of toilet water.

6.30 p.m. Put on your prettiest face; wear the frock that does something for you; stroke perfume gently on your wrists and shoulders. You know how much to-night means to you... but to-night you can be just as sure others will know it, too.

Now... a better, longer-lasting
more natural-looking
home perm with the

Richard Hudnut

Refill

(using any Plastic Curlers)



THE KIT WITH
THE 22% MORE
EFFECTIVE WAV-
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it's the Waving
Lotion that makes
all the difference!

Use the economical Richard Hudnut Refill Kit (everything you need except curlers), and get all the benefits of this salon-type luxury wave... the most natural-looking wave you've ever seen, no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage... gentler conditioning action plus extra penetration... leaves hair springier and stronger.

If you already own, or can borrow, a set of plastic curlers, you can give yourself a dream wave—soft, so naturally curly, long-lasting, lustrous—with the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill—at all chemists and selected department stores.

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Light spring and summer frocks demand trim, smooth lines . . . nothing is more figure-flattering to most women than a "Youthlyne" Foundation by Berlei . . . slide-fastening Step-in for all figures from slender to medium . . . a "Controlette" for those who prefer it. Made with magical "Contro-Net," the new elasticised fabric that snugly fits itself to your every contour. "Youthlyne" Foundations afford the heavier figure wonderful, lightweight control and comfort . . . with all the flexibility and freedom you've ever wanted. There's a Berlei-trained Corsetiere in most better stores who will be pleased to fit you to the "Youthlyne" that is right for you.

3079 . . . "Youthlyne" slide-fastening step-in by Berlei for the figure needing special hip control. Lightly boned front panel of lined satin, cleverly cut triple-panelled side sections of "Contro-Net" and batiste stretch-cloth. Stretch-down back. Sizes 20-31.

The waist-depth brassiere is "Hollywood-Maxwell" H179, for 34-40 bustlines.

7940X . . . "Youthlyne" Controlette by Berlei, designed to give flowing, unbroken line to medium-average figures. Slide fastening. Made of lined satin with "Contro-Net" side panels, stretch-down back, lace upper sections, giving beautiful shaping and support to medium-full bustlines. Sizes 34-41.

The Berlei Figure Type Indicator is your guarantee of Perfect Fit—the most vital factor in choosing a foundation garment. With the aid of this Indicator, a Berlei-trained Corsetiere can determine your figure type in a matter of moments, ensuring that your Berlei Foundation fits you perfectly, with sleek exactness.



"Youthlyne" by Berlei



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One of the ingredients of Black Tongue & Co. Ltd., Melbourne.



ARIES (March 21-April 20): A brush on October 18 is likely to be more amusing than serious. October 19 gives you the green light, so shoot through, full speed ahead, and outdistance all competitors.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): While October 21 and to some extent October 22 favor your interests, whether of a romantic or business nature, you may carry off a bigger victory by waiting until October 23.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Gemini folk may resemble the man on the flying trapeze on October 20, but if spirits come down to earth with a crash on October 21 or 23 most of you will decide you had your money's worth of fun.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Nobody so persistent as Cancer, once you have made up your mind. On October 19 and 20 you could hit the target and surprise everybody. Thereafter be content to rest on your laurels.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If young and impressionable, the week-end favors a romantic interlude. Older Lions may enjoy sports or the theatre. Postpone business affairs on October 22—they'll prove most unsatisfactory.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): For many the pace is slowing down, and you may breathe a sigh of relief. Less social activity is prom-

As I read the Stars

By **EVE HILLIARD**

ised, and more emphasis on £.s.d. October 18 brings a triumph for the budget. Hold tight again on October 23.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Anything to do with your standing in the business or social world could rocket to success on October 22, if you ward off a couple of headaches on October 19.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): You may get a peek under the bonnet on October 19 and find out what makes the wheels go round. Use the information to cushion jolts on October 21 or 22.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Nobody ever had too many friends, although your list is longer than most. Social fixtures on October 18 or 23 may swing open the gate to a new world.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Digging yourself in and finding the niche comfortable? On October 18 consolidate your position. On October 22 any attempt to undermine you will fail.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Watch for openings along the lines of your interests. News on October 18 or 22 may lead to a worthwhile objective.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): What you've been struggling for may come on October 19. You may find on October 22 that it has its drawbacks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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USING RINSO. EVEN THE
DIRTIEST COLOURED COME
CLEAN WITHOUT RUBBING.



BUY TWO PACKETS
One for the laundry,
one for the kitchen.

Z.315 WW142g

PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Ilya Adams' first husband, David Bidon, who has been suffering from amnesia for five years in the Philippines, has returned to her. Perry Mason breaks the news to him that Ilya, believing him dead, has married Dr. Adams.

BUT I'M NOT DEAD! AND SHE'S MY WIFE! WHO IS THIS DR. ADAMS? I'D LIKE TO BREAK HIS NECK!

I WOULDN'T TRY IT WITH THAT ARM OF YOURS! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

I SMASHED MY HAND UP IN THE PHILIPPINES -- ON THAT TRIP I MADE BACK INTO THE HILLS.

TOO BAD!

I HOPE YOU CAN STRAIGHTEN THIS UP FOR US, MASON. BUT IF YOU CAN'T...

I'LL TRY, BIDON. UNTIL I DO, THOUGH, YOU AND ILYA ARE NOT TO SEE EACH OTHER UNLESS I'M PRESENT!

MASON HAS JUST TOLD DAVID BIDON THAT HIS WIFE HAS REMARRIED --

SO YOU'RE A DANGEROUS MAN TO CROSS, MR. BIDON? I'D WAIT TILL YOU CAN TALK WITH BOTH HANDS!

IT TAKES ONE FINGER TO PULL A TRIGGER, MR. MASON! IF ADAMS GOES NEAR MY WIFE...

NOW, MR. BIDON, YOU'LL NEED MONEY TO LIVE ON. I HAD DELLA MAKE OUT A CHEQUE TO YOU...

THAT'S AWFULLY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MASON. AND THANKS. BUT ILYA HAS PLENTY OF MONEY, AND...

...AND YOU PROMISED NOT TO SEE HER! IF YOU'LL JUST ENDORSE IT, DELLA CAN STILL GET IT CASHED.

I - WELL - I AM DEAD BROKE. AND I'D HATE TO ASK ILYA!

LATER...

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS WRITING, DELLA. GET PAUL FOR ME. IT'S IMPORTANT!

DAVID BIDON AGREED NOT TO SEE ILYA... BUT THE NEXT DAY...

DAVID, I CAN'T SEE YOU. I PROMISED PERRY MASON... WHAT? IT CAN'T BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH! DAVID, I JUST CAN'T...

LATER...

I CAN'T STAND IT MASON! ILYA AND THE BABY ARE ALL I LIVE FOR. I'D RATHER DIE THAN LOSE THEM! AND YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING!...

WE'VE GOT A DETECTIVE ON BIDON'S TRAIL RIGHT THIS MINUTE, DR. ADAMS!

ILYA'S MOTHER SAYS BIDON HAS BEEN ON THE PHONE ALL DAY! AND NOW ILYA'S DISAPPEARED! WHERE IS SHE, MASON? I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR HER MYSELF! AND WHEN I FIND HER...

TO BE CONTINUED

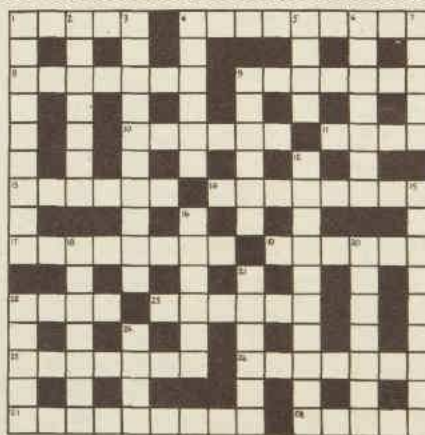
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Trivial lie about structure (5).
- Mental feeling marking time inside (9).
- Artiller (anagr. 7).
- Acquire for remedy (7).
- Mita is disturbed in uncommon thing (8).
- Paul to hit an unmarried woman (4).
- Bent outside mixed and the French inside doctrines (6).
- If it's very it must be the dean? (8).
- Trail nothing with human Eastern interpreter (8).
- Offer turning a communist allurements (6).
- Examination when followed by kids is broadcast (4).
- If you make clean this part of your body you confess (6).
- Hush nights are full of fabulous stories (7).
- Nervous twitching preceded by a small room and I are simultaneous and uniformly worded (7).
- Cask of 16 or 18 gallons (9).
- Denominations of one hundred in groups (5).



Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Excited in deferment (9).
- He is a willow fellow? (7).
- Trio in game (anagr. 18).
- Say that contains household duty for wages (6).
- Magpie, in 1796, defeated the Austrians at the turning of this false god (4).
- Hate the can make learned (7).
- Rests in a plait of hair (5).
- Hurl a starting place for handage on the leg (6).
- Coopering times before Easter eve minus unyielding (10).
- Abandoned properties containing relic (8).
- Any married woman, or unmarried but she must be in hospital (4).
- Lady's maid with a sailor and I for a start (7).
- Violent meloo as the end of 26 across (7).
- Single portion of a deservier and an electric particle (4).
- Charlatan of ducky sound (5).
- Penalty of high quality (4).

You can rest content



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OIL, 3/6 CREAM, 2/9
KWIK TAN



GOLDEN GIRL

• Blonde, blue-eyed June Haver, the girl who photographs like a dream in color and has twelve technicolor pictures to her credit, plays in a black-and-white film for the first time in her career in "Love Nest" (20th Century-Fox). A romantic comedy co-starring William Lundigan, the film also gives June her first straight acting role.



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MF1WW/10.—Floral SUN FROCK, of gay linen-like Irish Cotton. Elasticised for an on or off shoulder wear. Mauve, Blue, Gold or Grey grounds. SSW, SW, W. (Weight 12oz.)

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4/3

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EC9WW/10

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EC9WW/10.—Give charm to your table with a lovely Nottingham Lace SUPPER CLOTH. In a range of attractive designs. 52 x 52 (Weight 10oz.) Price 25/-

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HH6WW/10

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Star of Paramount's
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You'll love the rich, creamy lather of pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Toilet Soap's active lather leaves your skin sweet, exquisitely fresh. Scented, too, with a delicate lingering fragrance. Try this big bath size Hollywood screen stars recommend!



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CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL—*"Red River,"* pioneering saga, starring John Wayne, Montgomery Clift, Joanne Dru. Plus *"Urubu."*

CENTURY—*"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain,"* period romance, starring Susan Hayward, William Lundigan. Plus *"Campus Honeymoon."*

CIVIC—*"Oh! Susanna,"* cavalry life adventure, starring Rod Cameron, Adrian Booth. Plus *"Joe Palooka, Champ."*

EMBASSY—*"Of Men and Music,"* documentary style musical featuring four classical musicians and their music. Plus *"The Late Edwina Black."*

ESQUIRE—*"The House on Telegraph Hill,"* murder mystery, starring Richard Baschart, Valentina Cortese. Plus *"Arson Inc."*

LIBERTY—*"The Great Caruso,"* technicolor drama based on life of Enrico Caruso, starring Mario Lanza, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—*"Desert Hawk,"* technicolor Oriental adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Richard Greene. Plus *"Target Unknown,"* starring Mark Stevens.

LYRIC—*"That's My Boy,"* comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. Plus *"The Unseen,"* starring Joel McCrea, Gail Russell.

MAYFAIR—*"Follow the Sun,"* sporting drama based on the life story of golfer Ben Hogan, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter. Plus *"Radar Secret Service."*

PARK—*"The Damned Don't Cry,"* underworld melodrama, starring Joan Crawford, David Brian. Plus *"Ringside,"* starring Tom Brown, Shiela Ryan.

PLAZA—*"Steel Helmet,"* battlefield drama, starring Robert Hutton, Steve Brodie. Plus *"Deputy Marshall,"* Western, starring Jon Hall, Frances Langford.

PRINCE EDWARD—*"Samson and Delilah,"* de Mille extravaganza, starring Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT—*"On the Riviera,"* musical comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney. (See review this page.) Plus *"Pride of Merryland."*

SAVOY—*"Kon-Tiki,"* documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. Plus *"If You Knew Susie,"* starring Eddie Cantor.

ST. JAMES—*"Strictly Dishonourable,"* romantic musical, starring Ezio Pinza, Janet Leigh. Plus *"No Questions Asked,"* starring Barry Sullivan, Arlene Dahl.

STATE—*"Up Front,"* wartime comedy, starring David Wayne, Tom Ewell. Plus *"Katie Did It,"* romantic comedy, starring Ann Blyth, Mark Stevens.

VARIETY—*"The Razor's Edge,"* dramatic filmisation of Somerset Maugham's novel, starring Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, Anne Baxter.

VICTORY—*"Tomahawk,"* technicolor pioneering adventure, starring Van Heflin, Yvonne de Carlo, Preston Foster. Plus *"Hollywood Story."*

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ On the Riviera

FOX'S *"On The Riviera"* is opulent, tuneful, and reasonably funny, though there is a hint of manufactured gaiety about it.

Assessing the film as a job of work, it can fairly be said that the theme does not provide first-class comedy for Danny Kaye, but he labors like a beaver to put over available material, and that his talent as mimic, dancer, and personable leading man is also tops in style.

Running true to musical order, the plot is a diffident one and clearly designed to function as background for music presentations. There is a disappointment here in that Danny's repertoire does not include any of his scat singing.

"On the Riviera" deals with an extreme case of double identity, with Danny in the dual role of an American entertainer and a French pilot.

Provocative complications involving the pilot's beautiful wife (Gene Tierney), his business affairs, and the entertainer's sweetheart (Corinne Calvet) result from tangled identities, but all romantic and financial problems are solved before the finale.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ Samson and Delilah

IN *"Samson and Delilah"* veteran showman Cecil B. de Mille has indulged his imaginative flair by staging, with the help of the usual platoon or two of extra players, a richly backgrounded extravaganza.

As entertainment the film is big, blowsy, and rather boring, apart from certain sequences of grandeur and artistry.

The script is of biblical origin, said to be based on material in the Book of Judges.

In turning the well-known *"Samson and Delilah"* tragedy into a movie, scenarists have done some fancy twisting of basic material, doused it with verbal and cinematic clichés, and then brought in Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr for box-office appeal.

In the title roles lovely Miss Lamarr and husky Mr. Mature are somehow felicitous. They do not appear to pick up or project any special character sense from their assignments, but cameras make no error in dwelling on their undoubted physical attractions.

To entertain us meanwhile George Sanders gives a rather well-bred impersonation of a sardonic sovereign of the time. Angela Lansbury is the femme fatale of early action.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

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Fashion

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Fashion has a new theme song: *Get red, red, ready for Spring!*

And the most wonderful red, in the most wonderful lipstick, is Lournay's **Bright Red**. Accent your lips with its silken

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Yes, Spring begins with a flowery hat and glowing Lournay on your lips. And the colour that matches the Spring sunshine is Lournay's **Golden Red**.

Here's a red that's gay and gilded, and simply wonderful with the new flower yellows, and all the honey and tawny tones.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 17, 1951



1 WORRIED when her father disappears from their station home, Dell McGuire (Maureen O'Hara) is told by Trooper Leonard (Chips Rafferty) that a search will be started.



2 CAROUSING in Sydney, McGuire (Finlay Currie) tells of his lifelong sorrow over abandoning his four-year-old son. When stowaway Richard Connor (Peter Lawford) protects him in a brawl, he imagines he has found his son.



Australian adventure story

"KANGAROO," Australia's first full-length technicolor adventure film, is a Twentieth Century-Fox undertaking.

The studio sent a production unit on a 9000-mile trip to the edge of the desert near Port Augusta, South Australia, for location work because the site supplies drought conditions demanded by the script.

The cast assembled for "Kangaroo" is internationally representative.

Irish-born Maureen O'Hara shares starring honors with English Peter Lawford. Important character roles are filled by veteran Scottish actor Finlay Currie and American Richard Boone. In the supporting cast are Australians Chips Rafferty and Charles Tingwell.



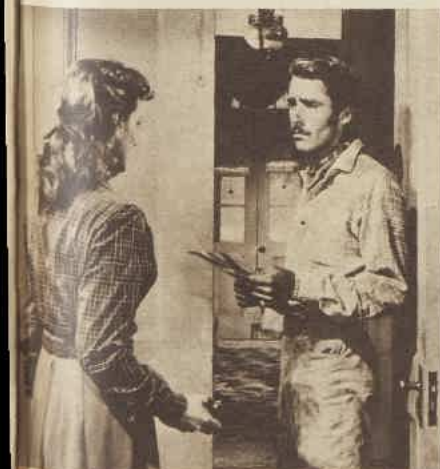
4 ESCAPING after the robbery, during which Gamble shoots a man, Connor and Gamble go with McGuire, who is still befuddled. They think he is wealthy.



5 PLANNING to swindle McGuire of a fortune by convincing him that Connor is his son, Gamble is worried by drought-stricken station and Connor's reluctance to go on with the plan.



6 QUICKSAND endangers Connor when he is thrown from his horse while preventing Gamble from murdering a stockman who knows he is an ex-convict. He is rescued by Dell, who returns his growing affection for her.



7 CONFRONTED by Dell, Connor admits he is not McGuire's son and confesses scheme framed by Gamble. The follows suicide attempt by McGuire, who, thinking Connor is Dell's brother, is troubled by their romance.



8 FIGHT with stock-whips occurs between Gamble and Connor when latter prevents Gamble from shooting Leonard to avoid arrest. Winning the fight, Connor is promised leniency by Leonard.

BUDGET-PRICED FOUNDATIONS

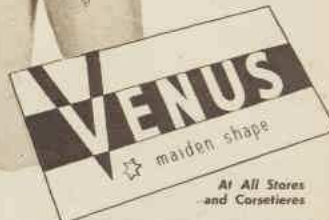
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129: Strapless brassiere, nude or white. 32 to 36 in.



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Clothes for the sun and the sea




● Free-swinging, short beach-coat, left, is worn over brief shorts and halter top. The ensemble is in printed sharkskin, and has white towelling for coat lining and accent. The large-brimmed beach-hat is white linen.

● New "cover-up" for the beach, below left, consists of brief bolero and matching dirndl-type skirt. The material is an interesting lattice-check cotton featuring violet and black, worn over a black cotton swimsuit.

● Satin-lastex one-piece swimsuit, below, is made in seashell-pink. The suit is edged with scalloping round the top and the trouser legs and is worn with a seashell necklace and fringed coolie-type raffia beach-hat.



● Grey linen sheath dress, left, is trimmed with self-covered buttons round the strapless bodice-top. A handkerchief scarf buttoned to the dress is used for color accent, and is also protection against the sun.



● Amusing treader pants and off-shoulder separate top, left, are made in black cotton. A full skirt in vivid printed cotton is designed to cover the trousers completely. The black coolie hat is lined with the skirt print.

● Three-piece beach ensemble, right, is made in yellow terry towelling and cleverly shirred to flatter the figure. The jacket dips to the waist at the back and is cut wide in front.

● Romper suit, right, is made in emerald-green terry towelling, sashed with a striped cotton scarf finished with fringed ends. The suit has a boat-shaped off-shoulder neckline.

● Violet linen sun-dress, above, has contrasting skirt pockets and bolero in hot pink. The bodice-top is strapless and has a scooped-out back. The skirt is flared.



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Cleo Blazers are beautifully tailored in a wide selection of cloths, including famous Doctor flannel. Navy, brown, black.

Cleo Blouses are regulation style with two-way collars — can be worn with or without a tie.



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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

A petticoat braced with crinoline is an excellent way to "crisp" a full-skirted summer sheer. This fashion item answers a reader's query, and will also solve a problem for numbers of other readers who have asked for a way to make a petticoat "hold out" a full skirt.

"HAVING just finished a very pretty afternoon dress made in pastel sheer, I find the skirt falls limp. I have already tried a taffeta lining, but as I am terribly thin it doesn't give sufficient body and the effect of the dress is not what I expected."

Lining a skirt will give a certain crispness to a fabric that has not this quality by itself, but, as you have discovered, it is not always sufficient to hold the outer skirt away from the figure. For that extra "body" you will need to circle the underskirt with a band of crinoline in the hip region or at the hem, or both. The sketch at right illustrates the idea and also shows one of the newest silhouettes from Paris—the "bell" silhouette. By the way, crinoline may be obtained in most shades in two widths—34in. and 2in.; the 34in. costs 9d. a yard and the 2in. 6d. a yard.

Smart colors

"I AM going overseas, and thought you might know the fashionable colors being

worn abroad for winter suits and coats."

Grey, first and foremost, in medium-dark, slightly lighter than charcoal for suits, and in deep charcoal for coats. Two shades of grey also look very new. Brown is definitely in the autumn color list, mainly seen in flannel for suits. Golden tones are liked for fleecy weaves and tweeds. Honey-topaz, a tone between gold and orange, is the newest color for "toppers."

Versatile ensemble

"WOULD you please give me an idea for a black crepe dress with its own jacket? The problem is to make it look suitable to wear in the evenings as well as the daytime. I am 27 and always wear simple clothes. Would you suggest a nice little dressy hat?"

Have the dress of the ensemble made with a low, squarish neckline, slightly



PETTICOAT braced with crinoline is worn under a bell skirt.

shaped to follow the lines of a "bra" top and finished with wide straps. The skirt can be slim, its silhouette peg-topped, with pockets, and finished with a narrow self belt. Have a waisted hip-length jacket. The ensemble is now convertible—with the jacket it will look exactly like a tailored suit, without a dinner frock. My suggestion for the hat is a cap of white flowers.

• If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beach flattery

"WOULD you please let me know what colors will be worn this summer on the beach, and what is the latest kind of blouse for slacks?"

White followed by yellow, light blue, bright red, and black, in that order, are the newest colors for beach and resort wear. A tunic shirt just covering the hips, worn loose or belted according to your figure, is very new with slacks.

Lace for summer

"I AM searching for something striking and new for a ballerina-length dress, but as my hair is red I must be careful about colors. Is lace being worn this summer?"

Lace in all textures and designs, it's right on top for summer. My suggestion for color is chalk-white. Choose a coarse cotton lace over white pique. For the design I suggest a bouffant skirt combined with a fitted sleeveless bodice top, the bodice outlined with a stiffened cuff. For high fashion add a matching lace stole.

Fashion FROCKS

"KERRY": A trim two-piece outfit made in printed haircord. The color choice includes blue, green, red, turquoise, and navy grounds, printed with a white pin-spot. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 89/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 93/9. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 30/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/3. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"PENNY": A pretty one-piece made in printed haircord. Color choice includes blue, red, and lemon; mauve, pink, and blue; apricot, lemon, and blue; lemon, red, and pink—all printed on white grounds. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 57/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/6. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 41/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

• NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 56.



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9167: Uplift satin bra, lace trimmed, embroidered under cups. Tea-rose or white, sizes 30-36. Approx. price, 12/6

8003: For the average figure, sizes 24-28. Approx. price 50/-, Also available in Small and Medium Hip fittings, approx. prices 56/- to 66/6

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D-32

Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 9

WHEN Ann came home an hour later she found a very excited young man waiting for her outside the building.

"What's it supposed to be?" she asked, eyeing the car.

"It's a mongrel, actually, but I think it looks like a Viking. I'm going to call it Hengist."

Ann walked over and inspected the wheeled monstrosity. "Don't you think Hengist would look better if he had some mudguards and his engine covered over?"

"Oh, I don't know. I rather like to be able to see all the works when I'm going along. Look, darling, it's got two exhaust pipes. . . Come on, hop in, let's go for a drive."

The evening was made hideous as Hengist roared away.

The next morning, as usual, Ann went to the studio at five o'clock, and at eight-thirty John climbed on to a stool at a drugstore counter and ordered his breakfast.

He opened his newspaper and searched amid the unfamiliar pages for the "Situations Vacant." Suddenly he shied like a startled mustang. In letters of fire across the top of a page was a headline,

ANN WINDSOR TO WED WAR HERO?

John felt dizzy. Hardly daring to trust himself, he read on:

"Beautiful Ann Windsor was dewy-eyed when I saw her on the 'Backwash' set and not because I was there, either! Handsome John Hamilton, the British war hero, was the reason! And I met him, too! Lucky me!

"Brought out here all the way in the GREATEST SECRECY by the British Royal Navy, John told me that he had come to 'visit some friends,' but a little bird has since told me that he has rented an apartment only a few yards away from the gorgeous Ann. Romance! Romance! Romance!

"John, in recognition of his brave wartime deeds of valor, was decorated by His Majesty the King with the SIGN OF THE MILITARY CROSS. When I asked him why he had not been given the Victoria Cross, which, in case you don't know, rates with our Congressional Medal of Honor, he replied in his clipped British accent, 'just a small technical hitch'. . . HOW MODEST CAN YOU GET?"

John sat for a long time after he had finished reading this. His food remained untouched. He paid his bill and walked out feeling rather sick.

All day long he searched for a job. He followed up a score of advertised possibilities, but each time he had been too late and the position had been filled by the time he had found his way to the correct address.

Late in the afternoon, however, he was employed by one Jack Morgan, a smiling giant of an ex-marine, as deckhand on a fishing boat that operated under hire to customers — a job that sounded so congenial John would cheerfully have done it for nothing.

Ann and John were married very quietly in a little church in Santa Monica.

Afterwards, they did not tell anybody that they were married. Their hours of work gave them so little time together they enjoyed hugging

their secret to themselves. For the first two months of their married life they stayed in Ann's apartment; the devoted Clarabel stayed with them.

When "Backwash," Ann's first film, was shown in the theatres, as Meadowbrook Studios had prophesied, she made an instantaneous hit with critics and public alike.

Fan magazines and film correspondents from all over the world clamored to interview her. The publicity department turned on its big white spotlight, and whenever she was not needed before the moving-picture cameras she was whisked away to the tender mercies of Andre, the studio's chief portrait artist, to be photographed until her jaws ached from smiling.

"This glowing unspoiled child," Annie Argus cooed, "this apple of the great Bengy's eye, is also an enigma. She never goes to parties and has no beaux that I can see. If she has a secret passion it certainly isn't for the benedicted war hero, John Hamilton. She brushed him off many weeks ago and IS HE GARRYING A TORCH?"

Ann's studio is vetting all her dates now, but a little bird told me that gallant Ralph Ridgway has the inside track. Anyway, it has just been announced that they will be co-starred in 'Commando' as soon as Ann has completed her present assignment in 'Downbeat.' Then we shall see what we shall see!!!!

Ann and John had read this together one Sunday morning and had laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Poor little woman," said Ann. "She's going to be awfully disappointed when she finds out . . . Do you think we ought to tell her?"

John was not so soft-hearted about the "poor little woman." "No, let her find out for herself. . . Let's go on behaving perfectly normally and if anyone ever asks us if we are married, then we just say 'why yes, of course.' He frowned. "I'm worried!"

"What about, darling?" "Hengist. He's been getting awfully temperamental lately. Since you became a big star he hasn't been himself at all." Ann reflected for a moment. "I wish he was a little less bumpy," she said slowly. "You've never said that before."

Ann smiled a secret smile. "I've never had to worry about it . . . before."

John turned round and looked at her with widening eyes. "I don't believe it," he said in a half-whisper, "I just don't believe it."

Annie Argus was furious when she heard the news, while Bengy's rage was so terrible it reduced the unfortunate head of publicity to a state of complete demoralisation.

John and Ann were too blissfully happy to care about any of that. They were busy with domestic affairs too, and in late November they moved into a small house. Clarabel, of course, was still in attendance. The great Bengy suspended Ann's contract till she should report back to work.

Please turn to page 49

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ONE day, Isaac Ingersoll telephoned from the studio. "John, can you help us out? We are in trouble with this picture about the commandos. Confidentially, the technical adviser Bengy gave us doesn't seem to know much about the subject, and I wondered if you could come out and give us some advice. There's a hundred bucks a week in it for you if you can do it. What d'you say?"

John said, with alacrity, "Yes." The fishing season was about over, anyway, and Jack Morgan would soon be laying up the boat.

Although a hundred dollars a week was a lot of money, John considered that he earned every cent of it, for, apart from the almost insurmountable task of making the gallant Ralph Ridgway look, talk, and move like a commando, there was also the permanent hazard of Major Hodgkinson, Bengy's choice as a technical adviser.

Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 48

It was quite apparent to John after five minutes' conversation that the major had never been in the British or any other army. Furthermore, he deeply resented what he considered to be John's interference.

Quite early in the proceedings, they came to a scene in the film which was supposed to take place on the French coast at night. Ridgway, having landed at the head of his men, was meeting the leader of the French Resistance Movement in a deserted windmill.

"Major Hodgkinson," the director called out, "is Mr. Ridgway's outfit okay?"

"Yes, rather. Dressed him myself. Checked every item personally, don't you know?"

"How does it look to you, John?" asked the director.

John looked at Ridgway. He was upholstered in an immacu-

late battle-dress uniform, his boots were highly polished, and his eyes shone expectantly from beneath mascaraed lashes. Perched jauntily on his head was a steel helmet.

"Well, to begin with, he'd better get wet up to the waist," said John. "That is, if he has just waded ashore from a landing craft. He's probably done some crawling on the wet sand, too, and that tin-hat should come off. A stocking cap was the usual form, and, of course, he'd have a black face—burnt cork was good."

There was a bleat of disgust from Ridgway. "A black face!"

"That is absolute nonsense," interposed "the Major," striding up. "In all my service I never had a black face."

The director scratched his head. "Are you quite sure a black face would be correct, John? Isn't it possible that he could have forgotten to put it on, or something like that?"

John was adamant. "If Ridgway is supposed to be leading a commando raid at night he would have a black face."

The director sighed, and, as everyone knew he would, he phoned for instructions. In a few minutes he reported back, "Bengy says no black face."

"Don't worry about it, John," grinned a man from the publicity department. "That always happens to technical advisers—nobody ever takes any technical advice from them."

A few days later another argument arose. The leader of the French Resistance Movement had turned out to be a colonel in the Gestapo, and Ralph Ridgway was now a prisoner in the windmill. In this scene he was waiting tensely for the first intimation that his rescue was at hand, and according to the script he was to be "thrilled by the distant sound of bagpipes."

John suggested that as several gruelling months of training were undergone by all commandos to ensure that they would arrive at their objectives with the maximum of surprise to the enemy, it might, in his opinion, prove too great a surprise for the enemy if their approach was heralded by the sound of bagpipe music drifting across the Channel.

Major Hodgkinson entered the lists and argued that Highland music was good for morale. And again Bengy gave the final decision—the bagpipes were "in."

John eventually made a pact with the major. They spent their time playing endless games of Canasta and between them thought up answers to any technical questions that might arise.

One day, when John, inwardly seething, was standing near the camera watching Ralph Ridgway issuing his orders for an attack, he became aware that he, in his turn, was being scrutinised by a young man whom he failed to recognise. Eventually the stranger approached him.

"Mr. Hamilton, my name is Bobby Spicer. I'm the head casting director here."

"How do you do," said John. "What can I do for you, Mr. Spicer?"

"You can play Curtis, that's what you can do," said Mr. Spicer, with the air of a man presenting someone with the freedom of a large city.

The part of Curtis was one

of those small cameos, which can, if well played, be remembered by audiences long after the leading players and the main situations of a film are forgotten. The part, though it would be completed in three days of shooting and would appear only in three short sequences, might, in short, make an unknown actor famous overnight.

John understood nothing of this. He roared with laughter when he told Ann that he had accepted; a week later breezed through the part, which came perfectly naturally to him, without ever giving the whole thing a serious thought.

The result, to everyone but John, was a foregone conclusion; before he had finished his first scene on the first day, it was obvious that he would "steal" the picture from the great Ralph Ridgway.

On the second day, when he was invited to lunch by the great Bengy himself, John still failed to grasp the full import of what was happening. Ann knew. She had been around the studio long enough to sense an atmosphere.

When, on the third day, John begged her to come down and "watch me make a fool of myself," it took her less than a minute on the sound stage to realise that she had married a man who, if he so desired, could climb the dizzyest of the Hollywood heights. She did not have long to ponder upon this, for that night her son was born.

John's refusal to sign a contract with Meadowbrook Pictures, Inc., until Ann was well enough for him to discuss the suggestion with her was taken by the highly paid executives of that company to be the normal manoeuvre of a sought-after actor, well briefed in the art of being "hard to get."

They were not paid their high salaries for nothing, however, so they congratulated themselves on having made their original bid far below the sum they were in fact authorised to pay, and doubled their offer. When John failed to snatch at this, they began to feel perturbed.

But they need not have worried, because a few days later John was able to discuss the matter with Ann, and he agreed with her that it would be worth a trial.

"Anyway, darling," she said, "if one of us is going to earn a living in pictures, it had much better be you. I am going to have my hands full with your son."

So John signed his contract and Ann asked for hers to be cancelled.

Annie Argus blazoned forth with a glaring headline announcing a "sensational new discovery." John was made to feel that Meadowbrook was his oyster; he was taken around by the head of publicity, introduced to the various dignitaries, then taken to lunch in the commissary.

As they entered there arose a buzz of interest. Many heads were turned in their direction. "That's John Hamilton," came the whisper from every corner. Nor, it must be recorded, did the object of all this attention fail to notice the stir of which he was the cause. He found himself rather liking it.

Please turn to page 50

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AFTER lunch the head of publicity told John that he had been assigned a personal publicity man, a man by the name of Reuss, who had worked with several Continental companies. A few minutes later John could barely control his surprise and amazement when he was introduced to the new man—Milton Myers, thinly disguised by a foreign accent.

John turned hastily to the head of publicity. "I think it would be a good plan if Mr. Reuss and I had a little chat, don't you?"

Half an hour later, back home with Ann, John was being brought up to date on what had happened to his old friend since he left him.

Milton Myers told them that he had run the ponies at several places after John left, but the overhead had been so enormous and the labor problems in the various cities so complicated that he had jumped at an offer in Seattle to sell the whole outfit, goodwill, stock, and all. This he had done, except for the twenty-five best ponies, which he had brought down and disposed of most profitably among the polo players of Los Angeles.

That had been a week ago. Then he had hit upon the idea of working in one of the film studios and had invented the character of Paul Reuss.

"But I nearly dropped dead," he said, "when they told me my first assignment was with a new actor called John Hamilton. I had no idea you were here."

"When is it going to be safe for me to go back to Ocean City?" asked John.

Milton Myers grinned. "You can go back now and they'll make you mayor of the joint. You and that little New York reporter stirred up such a scandal between you

Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 49

that they pinned a Federal rap on Lefty and he looks like doing about twenty years for tax evasion."

Ann lay on the sofa in front of the fire. Christopher Peter lay fast asleep in his crib beside her. Clarabel excelled herself in the kitchen: and as John looked round at the glowing faces of his little family and his friend, he knew that he had reached a pinnacle of happiness.

Already, then, John was being considered for a part opposite Marie Davenport, Meadowbrook's biggest money-earner. He was called to the studio one day so that she could look him over.

She was reportedly very busy posing for portraits with M. Andre, and for quite a time John sat in his dressing-room smoking cigarette after cigarette, not caring whether he ever saw Miss Davenport and completely uninterested in playing a part in her forthcoming picture. Suddenly he started up as someone walked into the room.

"My dressing-room is next door, so I thought I'd call on you," she greeted him sweetly. "I'm Marie Davenport."

She flashed her famous smile at him, and her thin, peach-colored silk dressing-gown fell slightly apart as she sat down. With an exaggerated flourish, she pulled it together again.

As John offered her a cigarette she held his wrist. "What a pretty case. I wonder what you did to some poor girl to deserve that?"

It had, as a matter of fact, been a present from Carole in the almost forgotten days of Blagthorpe. With a start, John realised that this girl reminded him of Carole.

"It's lovely and cool in here," she said, and his hand

was unsteady as he lit her cigarette. There was a long pause, during which John became more than a little disconcerted by the direct gaze of her bright blue eyes.

"Well," she said at length, "do you want to be in the picture with me?"

John laughed. "I think you ought to know about me. I'm not an actor at all. I was just advising them on that commando picture. Then one day somebody dropped dead or something, because the next thing I knew I was playing a part in it. I've never acted in my life."

"I saw that picture yesterday. They ran it for me. In case you're interested, you are an actor—a very good actor, and, among other things, you stole the show from that heel Ridgway." She stubbed out her cigarette and stood up. "Come here. Let me see how tall you are."

JOHAN walked across the room like an obedient child. Marie Davenport moved close up against him. Her skin was flawless, smooth, and sun-kissed. She looked up into his face and he saw that her eyes were shining unnaturally. He made no move, but his heart was thumping.

At length she moved away from him. "Yes, I think we would do very well together. And now I must fly, or poor Andre will have a stroke. It's been wonderful meeting you." She blew him a kiss and went out.

John sat for a minute or two before he lit a cigarette. His knees felt peculiar and he also felt guilty; extremely guilty; and it annoyed him that he should have this reaction.

There was a knock at the door.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Hamilton?" asked Annie Argus sweetly as she walked into the cool room. "I was looking for Marie, really; I just caught a glimpse of her as she darted out of here. . . . She seemed in a great hurry!"

He was subjected to a barrage of kindly and searching questions about his private life . . . about Ann . . . about Christopher Peter . . . and about his future career as a film actor.

The next morning Ann showed John the result of this interview; it was quite short. "John Hamilton is spending his spare time at Meadowbrook entertaining the luscious Marie Davenport; a little bird told me that he may be her next leading man."

John read it and avoided Ann's eye. "What nonsense. I've never set eyes on Marie Davenport."

Just why he lied to Ann he never knew. Even as he did so his heart gave a sickening lurch. It seemed easier at the time than telling the truth. He excused it by telling himself that he did it to save Ann's feelings, but deep down he knew that he was lying to himself too.

The publicity department proceeded apace with the planned build-up of their latest discovery. The countless articles that appeared about John in fan magazines and daily papers began to reap their strange harvest, and letters by the hundreds poured in. Ann dealt with all this correspondence until John announced one day that he had taken on a secretary.

Casually he explained, "She's only to come two days a week to start with. She works for

someone else, really, but can manage it as a special favor."

"I see," said Ann. "Who else does she work for?"

"Oh, a girl at the studios—Marie Davenport. You haven't met her, have you?"

"No," said Ann in a small voice. "No, I haven't."

So the secretary came twice a week, and these days Ann would tuck Christopher Peter into his little carriage and take him for a walk.

"Oh, Christopher Peter," she said one day, "I have a dreadful lost feeling."

And when Christopher Peter had bubbled happily in reply, Ann's eyes filled with tears and the hills swam mistily around her.

"We must go out more, darling," John said one day to Ann. "I believe it would do me good to be seen at some of these parties—at least that's what I am told."

So Clarabel would look after Christopher Peter, and John, in his new convertible, would drive Ann to one gay, noisy party after another.

It was at one of these that Ann met Marie Davenport. The Meadowbrook Studio's top money-maker looked dazzlingly beautiful in skin-tight white satin. She swooped upon Ann.

"Why, Mrs. Hamilton! John has told me so much about you. I've been longing to meet you. And how is the baby? Your husband is so popular at the studio—everyone just adores him. . . ."

The rest of the party was a nightmare to Ann of trying to talk brightly to old studio acquaintances while John danced with Marie Davenport. Finally, John was not at all enthusiastic when Ann said, soon after midnight, that she was tired and wanted to go home.

ONE damp winter's day Miss Seago, the secretary, came bouncing into the house. "Good morning, Mrs. Hamilton, have you seen Annie Argus' column to-day?"

"No," said Ann. "I never read it—I think it's dreadful."

Miss Seago sniffed. "Well, I wouldn't know about that. Anyway, she has given Mr. Hamilton a very nice write-up this morning." She thrust out the paper.

JOHN HAMILTON TO PLAY OPPOSITE MARIE DAVENPORT

Ann glanced at the smaller type below.

John Hamilton, who made such a sensational hit in his first picture, "Commando," has now been given his second assignment by Meadowbrook. He will play the Canadian lumberjack in "Loggerheads" opposite Marie Davenport!

"Young Hamilton thus collects one of the acting plum of the year and a little bird told me that La Davenport threatened that she would walk out of the picture unless Meadowbrook handed her John for her leading man. Much of the picture will be filmed on location far from civilisation—some people get all the breaks!"

As Ann read this, she felt as though a hand were slowly closing into a fist around her insides. Miss Seago was watching her closely.

Ann folded the paper and handed it back. She forced a smile to her lips. "Isn't that wonderful! He wanted that part so badly."

To be concluded

All characters in the article and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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WHEN A YOUTH BECOMES A FULL MEMBER OF CERTAIN AFRICAN TRIBES, ONE OF HIS FRONT TEETH IS HAMMERED OUT. WITH EACH HAMMER BLOW A MAIDEN'S NAME IS CALLED. HE IS FORCED TO MARRY THE GIRL WHOSE NAME IS CALLED WITH THE FINAL BLOW. SAVE YOUR TEETH WITH KOLYNOS. ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS BUBBLES CLEANSE WHERE YOUR BRUSH MISSES... LEAVE EACH TOOTH SURGICALLY CLEAN!

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Seventeen

IF Charlie Martin hadn't come along just then I would have told him how much I loved him, Linda thought. Muttering an excuse about "tidying up a bit," she went indoors. Half-way up the stairs to her room a thought occurred to her. Charlie had said that it was Mrs. Maxwell who had told him where he could find them. Had she? Was it possible that she thought it dangerous to leave them alone together? The idea was delightful, flattering, but a shade disturbing.

She changed into a pink frock and pinned the brooch to it. Impetuously she caught up a necklace of coral colored beads and fastened them round her neck. The effect was gay, charming.

After tea she sorted out some gramophone records. Then she cadged from her mother some cake and a bottle of elderberry wine left over from Christmas to take to Gina Pope's party.

Linda sat on the verandah by herself waiting for Charlie to call. The garden was beginning to lose its own special identity beneath a gathering of dusk. There were smudges of red in the darkening sky. Overhead, invisible, remote, an aeroplane throbbed.

Linda half-dreamed: she had written a book, and everyone said how brilliant it was. "To think I had the effrontery to preach to you on the necessity of knowing about life before you began to write," Mr. Maxwell was telling her. His voice was so clear and real in her mind that it was no surprise to hear him speaking behind her in the semi-darkness of the drawing-room.

"I was never so relieved in my life to see anyone as I was that young man!"

There was a low, soft laugh—Lisbeth's—and her teasing, tender, scolding retort.

"My darling, it stood out a mile just how badly 'smitten' that little girl was! I do hope you behaved with tact; at her age one is so easily, so terribly wounded."

Mr. Maxwell said solemnly, "Dearest Lisbeth, I was never so scared in my life. I had no idea that the child had so much flaming ardor until the moment when I gave her a fatherly kiss. Lisbeth, come here a moment, I want to hold you in my arms."

Linda sat, hands tightly clenched, breath held. Her mind was in a seething volcano of words; light, tolerant words stinging with their hint of amusement.

Someone switched on the

Continued from page 8

drawing-room lights and drew the curtains. No one noticed her sitting there. She did not move, and when she let her breath go it floated out into the still air on a little quivering moan of unhappiness. The tears ran down her cheeks on to the front of her pink dress.

When Charlie came up the path, he did not believe at first that she was really sitting there, so still and alone. He peered closer into her face and saw the tears.

"Why, Linda," he stammered. Then he knelt beside her and very gently wiped her cheeks with his handkerchief. "Don't cry, Linda. Whatever it is that's making you unhappy will pass; it won't hurt so much by to-morrow."

His voice was low, quite unlike the one she was used to, and there was a sweet, aching uncertainty in the way he chose his words that was as if he were digging deep down inside himself to fetch up the fragments of wisdom he had learned through experience.

Despite her grief, she thought in wonder that it was almost unbelievable that this could be the same awkward, boyish Charlie Martin she had known for a month.

"Let me kiss your eyes and make the tears better," he whispered. "That's what they said when we were kids. Remember?"

His lips were cool and soft against her hot eyelids. Then she drew his head against her shoulder and held it there, feeling the stiffness go out of her body and her mind slowly uncutting from the cocoon of numbed misery.

Then they gathered up their party offerings and went hand in hand down the garden path. The moon was up now, and it stretched a carpet of silver in front of them. It touched the stone floor of the verandah and discovered something of beauty to rest upon: the dragonfly brooch, Mr. Maxwell's present.

It had come undone when Charlie embraced Linda. She wouldn't notice until the next day, when life had a new beginning. Pinning it on to her jersey, she would go in to breakfast.

"Look! My birthday present from Mr. Maxwell. Wasn't it decent of him to remember?" she would say, and it would be the most matter-of-fact statement imaginable.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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AT SIMILAR DEGREES OF TEMPERATURE

SANDWICH SWIFTIE

Remove end crust from sandwich loaf, spread cut surface of loaf with Velveeta. Turn loaf on its side, cut off spread surface. Cut another slice (unspread — and you need no butter with Velveeta), and there's your sandwich. Continue till you have sufficient sandwiches.

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Rich yet Mild

W.W.17/10

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may add to the cost, but these are often a
matter of choice. Chopped dates or sul-
tanas may be used in place of cherries, and
peanuts instead of walnuts or almonds.

Recipes for tea-cakes and loaves made with
self-raising flour are also given below.

All spoon measurements are level.

WALNUT COFFEE TWIST

One and a half cakes compressed yeast,
1-3rd cup lukewarm water, 1 cup milk, 1 des-
sertspoon grated orange rind, 1-3rd cup sugar,
1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1-3rd cup shortening, 2
eggs, 3 1/2 to 4 cups flour, 1 cup chopped nuts
(walnuts are best, but cheaper nuts may be
used), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessert-
spoon cinnamon.

Crumble yeast into water, leave to soften.
Scald milk with orange rind; add sugar, salt,
and shortening. Cool to lukewarm, stir in
yeast, then beaten eggs. Add flour cup by
cup, working in well until dough is firm
enough to handle. Place in clean, greased
basin, brush top of dough with melted short-
ening. Cover with a clean towel, leave to
rise in a warm place (about 80 to 85
degrees) until doubled in bulk.

Toss on to lightly floured board, knead
until smooth and satiny, adding more flour
if necessary. Divide into two portions. Roll
each one out to a thin sheet, divide into three
equal-sized pieces. Combine nuts, brown
sugar, and cinnamon, sprinkle over each of
the pieces. Roll each piece into a long, thin
roll, twisting slightly from end to end.

Place three rolls together on greased oven
tray, brushing ends with melted shortening
and pinching well together. Cover in warm
place until doubled in bulk. Bake in moder-
ate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric)
approximately 30 minutes. While still warm
brush with glaze made by mixing 1 cup icing
sugar with 1 teaspoon orange juice and 1
teaspoon melted butter. When cold, dab
on orange-flavored icing and sprinkle with
chopped nuts.

Note: If a larger loaf is desired, divide
each half of mixture into two, and make two
rolls which are twisted together, instead of
making three small rolls and plaiting them.

FEATHER TEA-SCONE

One egg, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup
milk, vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup
chopped dates, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1
teaspoon each brown sugar and cinnamon.

Separate white from yolk of egg, beat
white stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar,
and beat until thick and smooth. Fold in
egg-yolk, then milk and vanilla alternately
with sifted flour. Lastly fold in dates and
melted butter. Turn into greased 7in. sand-
wich-tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.
gas, 400deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes.
While still hot, brush with little extra melted
butter, and sprinkle with sugar and cin-
namon mixed together.

CINNAMON LOAF

Quarter-cup melted shortening, 1 cup
sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 cake com-
pressed yeast, 1 cup lukewarm water, 1 cup
scalded milk, 3 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup sugar
mixed with 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Combine shortening, sugar, salt, and beaten
egg. Add yeast mixed smoothly with warm
water. Add cooled milk alternately with
sifted flour. Knead lightly. Place in greased
basin, cover, and leave to rise in a warm
place until doubled in bulk. Pinch down,
turn on to floured board, leave 10 minutes.
Roll out to oblong shape about 7in. by 20in.
Brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar and
cinnamon mixed together. Roll up like a
swiss roll, starting to roll from the shorter
side. Place in greased loaf-tin, 8 1/2in. x 5in.
Leave in a warm place until doubled in bulk.
Brush with melted shortening, sprinkle with
extra sugar and cinnamon mixed together.
Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas,
400deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes.

SNIPPED HONEY TEA-RING

One cup chopped dates or mixed fruit,
1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar,
1 dessertspoon marmalade, 1 teaspoon cin-
namon or spice, 12oz. self-raising flour, good
pinch salt, 2 1/2 tablespoons butter or other
shortening, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons
honey, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pea-
nuts.

Stir fruit over low heat with lemon rind
and juice, sugar, marmalade, and cinnamon
or spice until well softened. Allow to cool.
Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix
to a soft dough with beaten egg, milk, and
honey. Knead lightly on floured board, roll
to 1/4in. thickness. Spread with fruit mixture,
moisten edges, roll up. Shape into a ring,
moistening ends to join. Lift on to greased
oven tray, with kitchen scissors snip through
outer edge at 1in. intervals. Brush top with
milk, sprinkle with chopped peanuts. Bake
in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. elec-
tric) 20 to 25 minutes.

BANANA TEA-CAKE

Two ounces butter or other shortening, 1
cup sugar, 1 cup mashed bananas, 1 cup milk,
4 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups
flour, 1 teaspoon bi-carbonate soda, pinch
salt.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add bananas
and nuts. Stir in unbeaten egg, mix well.
Dissolve soda in milk and add alternately
with sifted dry ingredients. Place in well-
greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate
oven 30 to 40 minutes.

CHERRY TEA-CAKE

One cake compressed yeast, 2 tablespoons
lukewarm water, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon
grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 tea-
spoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 large
egg, 2 1/2 to 3 cups flour, 1oz. or 2oz. chopped
cherries, lemon-flavored icing and sliced
cherries to decorate.

Crumble yeast into water, mix with warm,
scalded milk, orange rind, sugar, salt, melted
shortening, and beaten egg. Add sifted flour
cup by cup, mixing in well until firm enough
to handle. Brush top of dough with melted
shortening, and leave in warm place
(covered) until doubled in bulk. Toss on to
floured board, knead until smooth and satiny.
Divide into two portions, roll each to a thin,
oblong sheet. Brush with milk, sprinkle with
chopped cherries. Roll each one into a long

thin roll. Twist each one spiral fashion in
greased 7in. sandwich-tin. Brush both with
melted shortening, and leave to rise in warm
place until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate
oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric)
approximately 30 minutes. Brush with
melted butter while hot. When cold top with
lemon-flavored icing, and decorate with sliced
cherries.

FRUIT TEA-RING

Half-ounce compressed yeast (1 cake), 1
tablespoon lukewarm water, 2 tablespoons
orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1
teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon
melted butter, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1 cup
mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons finely minced peel.

Crumble yeast into water, leave to soften.
Combine orange juice, sugar, salt, lemon rind,
and melted butter. Add 1 cup of the
sifted flour, work in until smooth. Add yeast,
beaten egg, and balance of sifted flour. Knead
until smooth and satiny. Place in greased
basin, cover, and leave in a warm place until
doubled in bulk. Knock down, leave 10
minutes. Roll to oblong shape. Brush with
extra melted butter, sprinkle with fruit and
peel. Roll up into a long, thin roll. Cut
off 2in. lengths, and pack cut side up in
greased ring-tin. Allow to rise 1 hour in warm
place. Bake (at 375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F.
electric) approximately 25 minutes. While
still hot, brush with 1 dessertspoon peanut
butter mixed with 1 dessertspoon each honey
and melted butter and 1 teaspoon lemon
juice.

CHEESE LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon
salt, pinch cayenne, 1 tablespoon butter or
other shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup
grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening, add
sugar and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with
beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased
loaf-tin (large), bake in hot oven (400deg. F.
gas, 450deg. F. electric) about 45 minutes.



Bake a better
chocolate cake!

...with the Bournville Cocoa recipe for

CHOCOLATE SANDWICH



4 ozs. S.R. Flour, 3 eggs, 4 ozs. sugar
1 tablespoon boiling water
1 teaspoon melted butter

Line two 7" sandwich tins with well-greased kitchen paper. Break the eggs into a fairly large basin, and add the sugar to them. Whisk well for about 20 minutes until the mixture is light and fluffy. Mix in the sieved flour as lightly as possible, and when well blended, pour the mixture into the prepared tins and bake in a moderate oven of 350°F for 25 minutes, until golden brown and firm to the touch. When cooked, turn out on to a wire cake tray or sieve, and cool. When cold, split in half, spread with coffee butter icing, or any other preferred filling. Sandwich together and coat with chocolate icing. Decorate the top simply with cherries or crystallised violets.

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APPETISING PLATTER features herring rolls and bacon savorys garnished with tomato and parsley, which win the main prize in this week's recipe contest. See recipe below.

Prize recipes

Herring rolls and bacon savorys and a quick-mix bread are cash prize-winners in the recipe contest this week.

A WISE hostess will make plenty of herring rolls and bacon savorys for her next party, because they are ideal party food and first favorites with guests.

The quick-mix bread which wins a consolation prize does not require kneading. It takes much less time to rise than most yeast breads.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY PLATTER

Herring Rolls: One small tin herrings, 1 lightly boiled egg, 2 cups grated cheese, juice of 1 lemon, 1 lb. puff pastry, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tomato.

Remove backbones and tails from herrings, combine with mashed egg, cheese, lemon juice, parsley, and chopped skinned tomato. Roll pastry thinly, cut into shapes approximately 3in. by 2in. Place spoonful of herring mixture on each, glaze one edge and roll up as for sausage-rolls. Bake on greased trays in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 5 to 7 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Bacon Savories: Two cups grated cheese, 1 egg, 4 or 5 rashers bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon dry mustard.

Mix together cheese, egg, parsley, salt, pepper, and mus-

tard. Remove rind from bacon, cut each rasher into strips about 3/4in. long. Spread each generously with cheese mixture, roll up, and secure with cocktail stick. Grill until bacon is cooked.

Alternate herring-rolls and bacon savorys on platter. Garnish with tomato roses and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Miss J. Vincent, 55 Hatairi Rd., Hatairi, Wellington E.2, N.Z.

QUICK-MIX BREAD

Three pounds self-raising flour, 3 teaspoons salt, 1oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 pints lukewarm water.

Sift salt and flour into large bowl. Stand in warm oven with door ajar. Crumble yeast into 1-3rd pint of the water, add sugar, stir until free of lumps. Place in oven 10 minutes, until frothy, stir to dissolve sugar. Make well in flour, pour in yeast and balance of water. Stir until flour is evenly moistened and mixture rather soft. Grease three 2lb. tins, warm them, divide mixture evenly into each. Cover with cloth, place in warm oven with door ajar, 20 minutes. Dough rises about 1-3rd. Glaze top with milk, bake in moderate oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 1 hour. During last 10 minutes increase heat to brown surface.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. M. Smith, "Knightcott 3," Maxwell St., Kyneton, Vic.

The finicky child

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THERE can be many reasons why a child whose appetite has been good suddenly develops a finicky appetite and refuses to finish his meals.

He may be sickening for one of the illnesses of babyhood, such as measles or tonsillitis, or may have teething trouble.

If the child is obviously well, loss of appetite may be due to insufficient sleep and rest. A short rest before meals is most important.

Between-meal snacks are also responsible for many mealtime difficulties. Remarks made in the child's hearing about his

poor appetite and dislike of certain foods may make him aware that attention is being directed to him. With stubborn pride he will cling to the role of "bad eater."

Small children also copy grown-ups' food fads, so a good eating example is most important.

These and other reasons for feeding difficulties and ways of treating them are given in a leaflet obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be sent with the request.

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It needn't be... with a wonderful new Pope Wringmaster to help you with your laundry. Don't let an old-fashioned wringer wear you out. Go for a brighter, lighter, wash-day, and have leisure to live. Buy a lovely, streamlined, easy-to-clean, rust-proof Wringmaster—It's a dream of a wringer that works like a charm.



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A BOTTLE

Come into the kitchen!

says

Betty King

of World Brands



IF THERE'S a homier, friendlier invitation in the whole world than "Come into the kitchen", I'm still waiting to hear it. It isn't in the front room over the best china and the lace cloth that ideas are exchanged, hearts are unburdened and friendships are made. It's right here in the kitchen over the old brown teapot and a fresh batch of scones...

Talking of Scones, next time you make cheese ones, add a tablespoon of finely-chopped gherkin and a whisper of cayenne. These are really *dressy*. They go with the aforementioned lace cloth — and even faster on Sunday night tea tables.

As a matter of fact, I'm so scone-happy this very minute that I can barely wait to tell you about a wonderful new way of making scones with pure-white, digestible Copha. Not ordinary run-o'-the-mill scones, but proud, puffed-up beauties which simply melt in your mouth. If the scones you make sometimes have their ups and downs here's the way to get them perfect *every time*. Take a look at our blue-ribbon Recipe of the Month and see how easy they are to make!



Plain Scones

Ingredients: 1 oz. Copha, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, milk ($\frac{3}{4}$ -1 cup see method) 1 level tablespoon sugar.

Preparation: Place sugar, sifted flour and salt into a basin.

Now Melt: Place Copha in saucepan and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot — test with your fingertip. Pour melted Copha into measuring cup, and then add sufficient milk to make 1 cup liquid in all.

And Mix: Add liquid to dry ingredients. Stir with a knife to form a soft dough.

Knead slightly on a lightly floured board and press out $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Cut into scones and place on an ungreased slide. Bake in a hot oven, 450°F. gas, 12 minutes.

SCONE VARIATIONS

1. Fruit Scones:

Add an extra tablespoon sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried fruit to dry ingredients. A beaten egg may be used in place of some of the milk if desired.

2. Drop Scones:

Place dessertspoonsful of mixture straight onto lightly greased trays. These bake into crusty roughly shaped scones.

3. Girdle Scones:

Press dough out to barely $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and cut into rounds. Preheat girdle iron or electric hot plate thoroughly then lower heat. Grease very lightly with Copha and cook scones 3 to 4 minutes on each side.

I can't think of anything nicer than those fluffy, freshly-baked scones and a hot, brisk cup of Lipton Tea. (Do I hear the tea things tinkling?)

Did you ever try topping a casserole with small, hot, crusty scones... or baking frankfurts in larger ones to make a Hot Dog Special for the small fry?



Trouble with Mr. Lovejoy again! Angeline, an excitable but well-meaning Airedale from down the road, was paying me a visit when Mr. Lovejoy (who had been painting his henhouse) burst upon the scene in the wake of a shrieking White Leghorn. I joined in the chase and so, obligingly, did Angeline. In the ensuing pandemonium Mr. Lovejoy tripped over the paint pot and Angeline (purely out of excitement, you understand) promptly bit him.

There was an ear-shattering bellow. Mr. Lovejoy, dripping green paint and profanity, limped home in high dudgeon and refused to open the door. So I resorted to strategy. Bearing a bowl of Continental Chicken Noodle Soup, I knocked again. The rich, savoury odours, curling through the keyhole, did their work. Mr. Lovejoy reappeared, still faintly streaked with green and smelling of turpentine. "You winnin'!" he said his moustaches working furiously. Then the soup proved too much for his resistance and I knew our peace was made.

Come to think of it, there isn't an occasion you could name which isn't improved and enlivened by a big, fragrant bowl of this superb chicken soup. Taste those golden egg noodles... taste that chicken!



Pot luck becomes a party when the pot's abrim with Continental Chicken Noodle Soup. It cooks in 7 minutes... actually costs you *less*!

Sausages as you like them — plump, juicy, crisp and golden-brown. Place them, unpricked, in a cold pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water. Cover and steam 8 minutes. Drain off the liquid and fry them in the pan over moderate heat. They'll brown beautifully without shrinking.

Cake-makers everywhere will be interested in this letter from Mrs. S. Brest, of 9 Queen St., Randwick, who wins our £10 prize for the month's best letter...



Dear Betty King,

Icing sugar was almost unprocurable here for some time and my family of sweet teeth did nothing but grumble. So many cooked icings are extravagant with eggs, so imagine how pleased I was when I discovered that the Chocolate Fudge recipe inside the Chocolate Mellah packet makes the easiest and most wonderful chocolate frosting! No icing sugar, no eggs, and such a beautiful result.



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CALL FROM BETTY KING TO...
"COME INTO THE KITCHEN"

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38in. bust. Requires 6½yds.
36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6621.—Bare-topped sun-dress
and matching stole. Sizes 32 to
38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in.
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edging. Price, 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

F6622.—One-piece dress de-
signed with becoming 'petal'
neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in.
bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in.
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F6623.—Slim one-piece, one
for summer days. Sizes 32 to
38in. bust. Requires 3½yds.
36in. material. Price, 2/9.



Pattern for beginners

F6624.—Beginners' pat-
tern for an easy-to-
make short beach suit.
Sizes 32 to 38in. bust.
Requires 5yds. 36in.
material. Price, 1/3.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 105.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

A pretty summer style cut out ready to
make. The material is springtime cam-
bric printed with a small floral and spot
design. Color choice includes pale green,
lemon, pink, and blue grounds. The yoke
trim is Swiss embroidery. This is not sup-
plied. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 31/3; 36
and 38in. bust, 32/11. Postage and regis-
tration 2/9 extra.

No. 106.—PLATE MAT AND FEEDER

Ideal set for the toddler. Mat and feeder clearly
traced ready to embroider on British cotton, in
pink, blue, green, lemon, and white, and finished
with bias binding. This is not
supplied. The mat measures
11in. by 17in., and the feeder
8in. by 11in. Price, 5/3 com-
plete. Postage 6d. extra.



No. 107.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS

Attractive design, cut out ready to make,
is available in check French gingham
trimmed with white pique. Color choice
includes pastel checks in blue, pink,
and green. Sizes 2 years, 18in., 15/3,
postage 1/6; 4 years, 20in., 15/11, post-
age 1/6; 6 years, 23in., 16/9, postage
1/6; 8 years, 27in., 17/6, postage 1/6.

No. 108.—SMALL GIRL'S SLIP AND PANTIES SET

The set is cut out ready to make in fine
British cotton in white, pale lemon, blue,
and pink. The lace edging is not sup-
plied. Sizes: Slip, 2 years, 18in., 9/3;
4 years, 20in., 9/11; 6 years, 23in., 10/6;
8 years, 27in., 11/3. Postage, 1/1 extra.
Sizes: Panties, 2 years, 4/3; 4 years, 4/9;
6 years, 5/3; 8 years, 5/9. Postage, 6d.
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Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney
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G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand read-
ers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



"GUNDIBRI" (left), the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doug Munro and their three children, is eight miles from Merriwa, N.S.W. and five miles in from the road. The spacious living-room (right) has parchment-toned walls and carpet. The floral linen window-drapes have a mushroom ground, which is repeated in the covers of many of the chairs and settees. Other furnishings are in oyster and sage-green.



COUNTRY HOMES . . .

TO the average Australian the large, beautifully appointed station homesteads of the inland are just names. The majority of these homes cannot be seen because they are set in tranquil surroundings well back from the highways and by-roads. The photographs on this page are the first of a series of country homes which will be published from time to time.



"FLASHETT," the century-old stone home (above) of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oate, is three miles from Jerry's Plains, N.S.W. The wide verandah keeps the rooms cool in summer. The living-room (right) has originally the aloken. Walls and fireplace are duck-egg green, the furniture is cedar. The floor is covered with mushroom-toned carpet.



"WENDOWRIE," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Whitelaw and their four children, is set among lovely trees and gardens about five miles from Merriwa, N.S.W. The living-room (left) has off-white walls and sage-green carpet. The curtains and most of the chair covers are in floral chintz with a tobacco-brown background. Other chairs are covered in a soft beige fabric.

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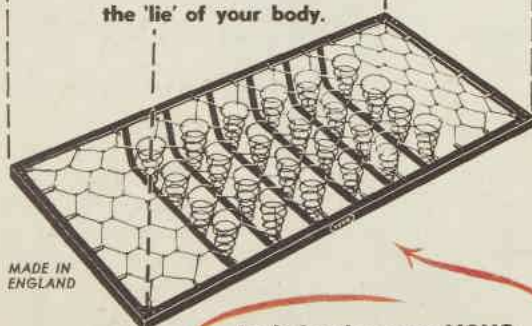
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Even an ordinary non-spring mattress becomes a dream of comfort when supported this way. Note particularly how the supporting underbars of the Vono Spring Base carry the heaviest part of the body, but are not under the head or feet where little or no support is needed.

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The Russian who Wanted to be Friends

SAM was very serious at this point. He went on to tell me: "I told him I hoped he would let me introduce myself and give me the pleasure of having a conversation with him."

"Speak in Russian," he said quickly, and looked around him once more.

"I told him my name, where I came from, what I was doing in Moscow, and where I was staying. I'll have to admit that I also told him one of my jokes. I was trying hard to make him feel at ease. I could see he was nervous about something, and I felt that, even if he was some kind of NKVD man, he was an unusual kind of one."

"When I had told him my joke, and he had chuckled, seemingly with real enjoyment, I said that it was

pleasant to be able to have this casual talk with him and that I would be interested if he would tell me something about himself.

"It is a pleasure to me, too—this conversation," he said warmly. "I was in your country, in New York City, a long time ago as a young man—before 1917. I'd like to hear what it is like now."

"While he kept looking around him at intervals, I told him a little about things in New York. Then I told him a couple more of my jokes."

"This is most enjoyable!" he exclaimed with what struck me as a pathetic sort of enthusiasm.

"Also, we can talk here with comparative safety because we can see if anyone is approaching, being on top of this hill as we happen to be. I am afraid I am not free, in

Continued from page 14

my position, to be seen talking to an American in this manner."

"What is your position?" I asked him.

"I am a Russian," he said, and shrugged. "But I would like to talk to you again. I am on sick leave for the rest of this week. It happens that I am recuperating from a slight accident I suffered at the factory where I work. I sprained a ligament in the calf of my leg. Would you be walking here at approximately the same time again to-morrow afternoon?"

"I said I certainly would—that I, too, had time on my hands. He looked around him for the last time, nodded goodbye, and walked off."

"We talked on the hilltop in the park the next day for half an hour or so. He told me where he worked and what he did and how life was for a Moscow factory worker. He said he didn't believe much of the propaganda about America and Americans, but that just about everybody he knew believed all of it."

"He seemed to trust me. I told him about my Thanksgiving Day experience with the charwoman."

"Oh, of course," he said. "She got home and showed the suit of clothes to her husband, and he probably tried it on and wanted to keep it, and then he probably got to worrying about it. He figured out for himself, or maybe some better-educated relative told him, what would happen if he began wearing that suit of clothes in public."

"What would happen?" I asked.

"Well, first of all, the neighbors in whatever place he lives would notice that he had a good-looking new suit. One or more of them would mention it to the part-time NKVD man, who is probably the superintendent of the building. The man would want to know where he got the suit, where he got the money to pay for it, and so on."

"If that NKVD man was smart enough, he would look at the suit carefully, or have

an expert look at it, and would find that it was an American-made suit, even if the charwoman's husband had taken the trouble to remove the labels. Then the charwoman's husband and the charwoman wouldn't be seen any more in Moscow."

"But suppose they just told the NKVD man the truth? I wanted to know. 'Suppose they just told him I gave them the suit, gave it to the charwoman for her husband, and told the NKVD man to check on that with me at my hotel?'"

"But what, then, would you tell the NKVD?" the old man asked.

"Just the truth," I said. "That I was in a holiday mood and that the charwoman reminded me of a housekeeper we used to have in Memphis when I was a kid and that I simply wanted her husband to have the suit!"

"My friend, you don't understand at all," he said. "Nobody would believe you gave away a good, almost new suit of clothes simply for nothing. The charwoman and her husband were quite right in returning it to you. Otherwise, the NKVD would have found out, one way or another, what it was you wanted to learn in return for it. Don't tell me what it was you wanted to learn. I would prefer not to know."

"I was shocked and for a moment I was tongue-tied. Then I talked to the old man there on the hilltop in the park for quite a spell. I was really stirred up—his not believing that I wanted nothing in return for the suit."

"And when I'm stirred up I can sell a point pretty well—even to a Russian—if I do say so myself. Anyway, I think I convinced him. He apologised finally, saying that I must remember he had been away from America for a long time."

"Then he said it was time for him to go home, but that he'd like to talk to me some more the next day if he hadn't, by his stupidity, spoiled the pleasure of our friendship. I said I would be delighted to talk to him again."

Please turn to page 60

The Family Scrapbook

By Dr. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

NEW ideas for furnishing children's rooms spring up all the time. Architects, decorators, designers, and parents all try out new theories. But certain basic principles should be observed.

A child's room should be suited to him. It should not be "cute." Pictures of nursery rhymes, pastel-painted furniture, and frou-frou draperies are attractive to visiting adults, who do not have to live with them, but youngsters soon get tired of a room furnished like this.

There should be plenty of room for storage, for work, and for play. Open shelves, and plenty of them, have proved to be most satisfactory.

A sizeable desk or table, good floor covering—linoleum



IT'S HIS. Let him enjoy it.

is excellent—and plenty of wall space for tacking up pictures and all the other "junk" that children love are among the top priorities.

One of the things parents find hard to remember is that a child's room should be his castle. As far as possible, he should be allowed to keep it as he likes.

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**one family
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The Russian who Wanted to be Friends

CHUCKLING at the memory, Sam went on with his story.

"When I met him the next day I had a plan, and I brought with me a briefcase in which I had stuffed that suit of clothes. I told him I really would like to give him the suit, and he said that, if there were any conceivable way in which he could take it without having the NKVD get after him, he would love to have it.

"I told him I had brought it with me and held the briefcase out to him. He looked around him wildly then, in real terror, but, when he saw no one coming, he listened nervously while I explained that I only wanted him to see the suit to-day to be sure he liked it—that I had a plan about how to get it to him the next day in a manner that couldn't possibly arouse any suspicion on the part of the NKVD.

"Listen," I said to him. "To-morrow afternoon, promptly at three o'clock, I'll get on the Number 14 streetcar at the intersection of Kuznetski Most and Neglinnaya Street. You be at the intersection of Tsvetnoy Boulevard and Sadovaya-Samotechnaya.

"I'll be carrying the suit, wrapped in ordinary brown paper and tied with ordinary white string, and I'll have cut off all the labels. Now, you be standing at the intersection of Tsvetnoy Boulevard and Sadovaya-Samotechnaya, as I say, and when my streetcar starts on again, after having made its usual stop there, I'll accidentally drop the parcel off the back platform.

"At that point you casually start to cross the street, you see the bundle as it falls from the streetcar, and you pick it up.

"There's always a policeman on duty at that intersection, as you know. You go to him with the bundle—he'll probably have seen what happened anyway—and you ask him what to do. He opens the bundle to see what's in it, and you say that if nobody claims the suit, can you keep it.

"There's a risk here, of course, that the policeman or somebody in the police department will keep the suit instead of giving it back to you. We've got to take that chance. But there's also a possibility that they'll give it back to you if nobody claims it."

"Well, the old fellow liked my plan. He pointed out that there wasn't much danger of the policeman or somebody else in the police department keeping the suit, because all of them would like so much to have the suit that none of them would allow any one of them to have it.

"If one of them tried to keep it, some of the others would report him as having acted dishonestly and unfairly toward a good Russian factory worker who had found a suit on the street, and that this was the sort of thing that got into the Moscow newspapers, where it would be stated that the dishonest policeman had been disciplined because the Moscow police force was notoriously kind to, and fair with, good Russian factory workers.

Continued from page 59

"In every way, I think, my plan appealed to my friend. I opened the briefcase and stood watch on our hilltop while he looked at and felt the suit.

"I told him it would probably be safe to try the coat on, but he snapped the briefcase shut and said, 'No, I won't risk that. But it is a beautiful, beautiful suit, my friend, and I can have it altered after the police give it back to me if it doesn't fit properly. I can wear it on special occasions and it will last me the rest of my life, and I will hand it on to my son when I die.'

"We said good-bye, after running through all the details of my plan once more, just to be sure there wouldn't be any hitch. But, when my streetcar stopped at the appointed intersection the next day, my friend was standing in a doorway on the corner, and he looked at me and shook his head. Then he turned away and limped off up the street and vanished.

"It was plain that he wasn't going to be there to pick up the bundle, so I didn't drop it. I got off the streetcar a few stops farther on and took another streetcar back to my hotel, still carrying the bundle.

A thing that seems to improve the longer you keep it is your temper.

"The next day I met my friend on the hilltop in the park and he told me what had happened.

"It was a good plan," he said disconsolately. "It was as good as such a plan could be, my friend. But I began thinking that night as I lay in bed, and I realised that, as much as I want that suit, I would be endangering my life or the freedom I now have in Moscow, and perhaps also endangering the lives and freedom of my children and my grandchildren.

"The policeman on duty at that intersection would naturally have taken my name and address. Since that suit was American-made and could easily be recognised as such, the NKVD would have been informed.

"I am no braver than most men, and they would have found out from me that you had dropped that bundle so that I could have the suit.

"I have no wife, may God rest her soul, but I have two sons and four grandchildren in Moscow. I also have a grand-nephew who works for a certain secret project outside of Moscow. The NKVD would have found that out, of course, and if you were still in Moscow you might have met with a fatal accident or you would at least have been sent back to your country very quickly.

"I and all the members of my family, and perhaps some of my friends as well, would no longer have even the freedom we now possess in Moscow, even if we still had our lives. I am very sorry and I apologise to you for all this trouble you have had for nothing.

"I came to that intersection to prevent you from dropping the bundle because I knew I would not pick it up and I did not want some stranger in Moscow to have your suit."

"I told him, as best I could, that I understood. I said I wished there was something I could do for him. He said, 'There is nothing more you can do for me. You have already done one thing for me that has been successful. You have made me believe that you really, honestly wished with all your heart to give me that suit of clothes, and that you really, honestly wanted nothing in return. By doing that, my friend, you have done a great deal for me.'

In the living-room of Sam Hyman's suite at his hotel, where we had had our dinner, and I had listened to, and taken notes on, his story of his last visit to Moscow, Sam Hyman finished a brandy, lit another cigar, and walked up and down some more.

"The sons of swine!" he exclaimed. "But, you know, what really gets me is that the old man trusted me and I didn't quite trust him. You see, I could have been an NKVD man myself for all he knew. There are plenty of Americans in Moscow who are Russian citizens, who can do work for the NKVD, and who could pose as an American cotton-broker.

"Anyhow, the old man had a lot more to fear from me than I had to fear from him. But, as I was going to tell you, I got to brooding about the whole fantastic episode the day after I saw him that last time on the hilltop in the park, and I decided maybe he was an NKVD man, after all. He'd told me where he worked, and he'd told me he had to report back for work on Monday, and so what did I do? I checked up on him.

"Oh, I didn't do anything foolish—nothing that would give him away in case he wasn't an NKVD man. I just slipped around to the factory he said he worked at and hung round there at the hour I knew the place shut down for the day. I saw him come out with the other workers and go limping down a side street.

"Of course, I realise that a really smart NKVD man would have figured I'd do that and would have made a point of being at the place and leaving with the other workers so I could see him. I suppose I'll never know, really. But I believe. I believe that, among all those strangers in Moscow, there is at least one not a stranger now."

Sam sat down and we stared at each other for a moment or two.

"You haven't told me about the shoes, Sam," I finally said.

"The shoes? Oh, the shoes!" Sam said. "They were just unnecessary paraphernalia. When I decided to carry the bundle with that suit in it right with me on the plane from Paris to New York, and give it away to the first like-looking American I saw at LaGuardia, I decided to throw in the pair of shoes. They were laugers and I won't need them in the Army."

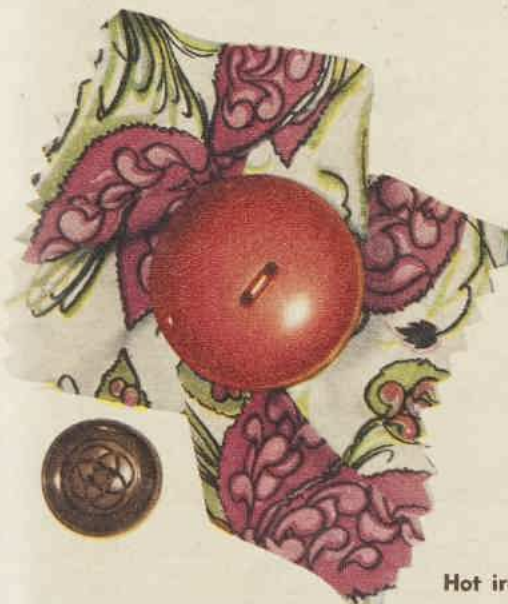
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Mandrake and Lothar with the girl Gena, whom they rescued from the city. They return to the ship, and Munden admits that Gena was his reason for seeking the jewelled city. Shyly she accepts his ring as they sail for warmer parts. NOW READ ON:



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